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THE
BACHELOR.

VOL. III.

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THE

BACHELOR:

A NOVEL,

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY

THOMAS GEORGE MOORE, Esq.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

.....I would not wed her:
No! were she all desire could wish, as fair
As would the vainest of her sex be thought,
With wealth beyond what woman's pride could waste,
She should not cheat me of my freedom.

OTWAY.

VOL. III.

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THE

BACHELOR.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

CHAP. I.

PERPLEXITY.

ON the following day, however, Wiseby had obtained from Victor his promise not to quit Wiseby Place. He had urged the claims of friendship; but before that, the gentle Mary, urging such motives as her heart suggested, had triumphed over the resolution which M. de Leyris had formed, of separating from her, and of aban-

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doning that abode where his presence diffused consolation. They had mutually vowed to each other love and patience, they had agreed to expect their union from what futurity might bring about, and from the attachment of Wiseby, and they had discovered a ground for hope in that profound, latent, yet irresistible passion which they knew him to entertain for Adriana—Perhaps the place of her abode might still be discovered; perhaps, learning that her brother was in England, she might be induced to come and join him, and then—What a wide field opened itself for their imaginations to indulge hope! what prepossessions, what prejudices, what

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regard for human opinion would not yield to a single look of the woman upon whom Wiseby's affections were so tenderly fixed! But how uncertain was not this supposition, how little probability was there of its ever being realized, when so many inquiries had already proved fruitless! Of this they were aware: yet they attached themselves to it, as to a pleasing illusion, which relieved their impatience.

As for Wiseby, without his secrets escaping from his bosom, his anxieties, his meditations were directed to the same person, but with a very different result. "I am sheltered against the rigour of fortune, I am at my ease,"

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said he to himself, almost every day after he had learnt that Adriana was preparing to return to France. "And yet, who can assure me that she is not immersed in an abyss of misery? If she has not returned to her country, whither can she be gone, alone, without relations, without advisers, perhaps without the means of support? Ah! in whatever place she may be, why cannot I have put into her hand, deposited at her feet, the gold which I give to the unfortunate without knowing them? What do I say! divide my fortune with her? No.—I would offer her the whole of it to prevent a single want of her's, a single regret, the slightest of her privations! Indigence

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may be the completion of the miseries she has to endure. Adriana, who remembers me, is ignorant whether I think of her. Ah! why cannot the voice of love make itself heard from one extremity of the universe to the other?——"

Passing to still more gloomy apprehensions, he considered with dread, that among the multitude of foreigners that flocked to London, there had not been one capable of giving him any information respecting the fate of Madame d'Azemar. Ah! undoubtedly if she had perished in the fatal resolution of returning to France, she had been recognized, thrown into prison,

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forgotten, or even, shocking idea! like so many other unfortunate victims, undergone the fate which atrocious barbarity inflicted upon beauty, innocence, virtue, without distinction of sex or age. Wiseby, however, perused the French papers with the greatest attention; but he had not met with the name so dear to his heart in the fatal lists which were dispersed throughout every country of Europe. This name would have struck him: the sight of it would have annihilated him. Adriana had not perished!—Where was she then? what was become of her? This information Wiseby would have given any price to procure. He does not wish to see

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her again; but it is indispensably necessary for the peace of his mind that he should know her in happiness and tranquillity, even at the risk of discovery to her that it is the most ardent of his wishes. He therefore applied in London to every one who might have any connexions in Germany, Italy, or even in France. It was under the name of Victor that he collected his intelligence; it was under the pretext of fraternal affection that he concealed his strong passion. He had yet had no success, and his consolation every day was to remain in uncertainty, as he every day dreaded to hear of the most overwhelming of calamities.

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His habitual uneasiness rendered his motions as uncertain as his thoughts. He went out without any definite design, and found himself almost without being conscious of it, in the village of Burton, where the Damenil family lived. He did not exactly hope that Adela, or that her respectable parents could give him tidings of Adriana; but the thing was not impossible, and if they did not speak to him of the present, they would at least converse with him respecting the past.

In the midst of this agitation of mind, Wiseby contemplated with a tender concern his young sister and his

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friend Victor, whose passion it caused him pain to be obliged to oppose; but lady Mary submitted with such gentleness to her distiny, and Leyris conducted himself with so much generosity and reserve, that the good lord at length imagined that he had opened their eyes with respect to the dangers which they would have incurred if united. Solicitous to confirm them in such salutary sentiments, he did not venture to preach to them when together, but he exhorted them separately, and that with all the warmth of a man persuaded of the truth of his doctrine, to fly, to dread, to detest marriage, in short, to adopt his system in its full extent. Lady Mary, out of

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tenderness and respect for her brother, did not hazard an objection, and Victor laid sufficient restraint upon himself to avoid smiling. Wiseby was therefore perfectly well satisfied with their docility, which he attributed to the persuasiveness of his eloquence, when a circular letter, announcing an extraordinary meeting of the Bachelors' Club, summoned him to London, whither the two lovers accompanied him.

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CHAP. II.

APPARITION.

WHITHER does not generosity lead? Wiseby was alone in his house at London—but no; he was not alone, for he thought of Adriana. His uncertainty with respect to the fate of his lady; his alarms, which presented themselves under as many forms as there were dangers which she could incur, threw into total confusion all the ideas of one of the most sensible men in England. "Adriana, amiable Adriana," he exclaimed, "you who have not forgotten me, where are you? Oh, ye shadows that hide her from me,

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dissipate yourselves. Adriana, hear me; see my hand ready to aid you, my arm ready to defend you. Call your friend at least to you; he will go to seek you, were it even in a dungeon, he will go to save you though under the axe of the executioner. To whatever extremity you may be reduced, say that you have lost nothing, no nothing; Milford is left to you. Oh, inexpressible happiness! perhaps I alone am left to you in the universe!" This last idea firing his brain, and intoxicating him with passion, he exclaimed in a kind of delirium, Do not afflict yourself any longer, Adriana, sigh no more, cease to fear, banish your regrets; I am at your

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side to succour, to save you. Come, it is I, it is Milford, your friend, your protector, your only support in the universe; and if this is not enough to induce you to follow me, see at your feet your husband. Yes, your husband!" he repeated with transport. "If I have made a foolish vow, it was because I did not know you."

At these words he recollected himself: he was frightened at what he had ventured to utter, at the thought which he had been able to admit for a single moment. He looked round him, as if afraid that he had been overheard; and though very certain that he was alone, he blushed at having been

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heard by himself. Astonished, frightened, humbled, the unhappy Wiseby sank into a chair, where he remained overwhelmed with confusion like a convicted criminal. Suddenly the door of the apartment opened, and a young lady rushed in with her arms extended. "And do I indeed see you again, my friend!" she exclaimed. At these words Wiseby rises, and presents to the eyes of Madame d'Azemar, of Adriana, who imagined she was about to embrace her brother Victor—he presents to her view Lord Milford. If he was thrown into a state of stupefaction, Adriana, in her turn, was not less confounded. She started back for a moment: the unexpected pleasure of see-

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ing again her friend intermingled itself in her bosom with her affection for her brother, and casting upon Lord Wiseby a look replete with affection, gaiety, and happiness—"How! is it you, Lord Milford?" adding with a laugh, "I beg your pardon, my dear Lord, but it was not you that I thought to embrace; it was my brother."

Victor, who had been apprised of his sister's arrival, entered as she finished speaking. "Adriana, my dearest Adriana!" he exclaimed, pressing her a thousand times to his bosom, "by what unexpected felicity...." Here words are wanting to express what was felt by all the persons thus assembled

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in Lord Wiseby's house. Madame d'Azemar was transported with pleasure; her brother abandoned himself to the most pleasing emotions of delight. It is much more easy to describe the state of Lord Wiseby. The sudden event which had roused him from his profound reverie, this vision which he had been so far from expecting, had thrown him into such a state of astonishment, that he did not believe the reality of what he saw, and his words expired upon his lips. No one perceived his situation, because in these first moments every one's heart was so full that he was occupied only with himself. Adriana found herself sooner than any of the rest in a condition to

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say something coherent. "Let us, I entreat you," said she "endeavour to recognise one another. Am I in a dream, Lady Caroline?"

At hearing the name of Lady Caroline, Wiseby first perceived his sister, and viewed her with fresh astonishment. "Yes, my brother," said she, very well satisfied with herself, "this is my work;" at the same time shewing him Madame d'Antigny, whom she had brought with her. "I told you that I would compel you to judge more favourably of me."

"How! your brother!" exclaimed Adriana: "is my lady your sister-

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with her usual dignity, advancing towards Victor, "I bring the olive branch of peace."

"I am ready to believe," replied Adriana's brother, smiling, "that it will be a perpetual peace."

Wiseby, who by degrees recovered his gaiety, observed in the same tone, "The idea of the olive branch is very appropriate; for does not my sister resemble Minerva? She is the Palladium returned again within the walls of Troy."

Every one laughed: Lady Caroline, however, took the joke literally, and

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from that moment every thing past was consigned to oblivion.

The conversation that ensued bespoke the universal joy: it was rapid and desultory. Many persons and many things were spoken of; but the fair guest always remained the chief object of attention. Suddenly a stranger entered the room. "It is the baron!" exclaimed Adriana; "I thought he had been lost. My lord, he is our travelling companion;" and she was about to present the Baron de Taley to the Earl of Wisehy, but he already introduced himself, and told the earl that he had enjoyed the pleasure of accompanying Madame d'Azemar;

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that there was nothing more credible, for that every one was ready to follow her to the end of the world; that he was charmed to have the honour of seeing again the nobleman with whom he recollected very well having been at Gibraltar; that he (the baron) had been upon the floating batteries, where, by the bye, there was some hot work; and, added he, "Do you not remember, my lord, that after the siege was raised, we drank together more Madeira than probably the three sovereigns of France, England, and Spain had consumed that whole year."

Wiseby replied to the baron's compliments with rather cold politeness.

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Thus this day terminated, and the morrow was fixed for hearing the details of Lady Caroline's travels, and of the means she had employed for finding Adriana, and conducting her to England. Every one expected this narrative with the greatest impatience, as every one had something to learn, something to discover in hearing it. But why had the presence of the Baron de Taley cast an air of uneasiness over the countenance of Lord Wiseby? We may affirm that his heart enjoyed very sensibly, though secretly, the pleasure of having seen Adriana arrive; yet it could not be doubted that it gave him a very real chagrin to have seen her arrive with the baron.

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CHAP. III.

THE RECITAL.

When Lady Caroline resolved to conduct Adriana to England, it was in the firm conviction that her presence would crown the wishes of Victor, and of the earl her brother, with whose sentiments Lady Mary had made her acquainted. It was with the view of enjoying, at her return, the surprise of Adriana and of Lord Wiseby, that she had chosen to travel under the name of Lady Caroline Selwyn; and that when she acknowledged herself the sister of the Earl of Wiseby, she took great care to conceal the circumstance that

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the earl and Lord Milford were one and the same person. She expected to derive from this concealment a great advantage, to procure herself a complete triumph at the explanation, and to overwhelm her brother with the weight of the obligations which he would owe to her when he should learn that she was privy to his secret, and that it was to her he was indebted for all his happiness. She had deferred till the morrow this piece of stage-trick, but in this calculation her vanity met with an obstacle which she had not foreseen.

Very early in the morning she received a visit from Lady Mary and

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Victor. The latter came to entreat her, in the name of delicacy and honour, to observe the most profound silence with respect to all she might have heard of the presumed attachment of Wiseby for Madame d'Azemar. With this request Lady Caroline positively refused to comply: in vain her sister made her the most pressing entreaties: her pride wished to obtain all the honours of the triumph —to see the Earl of Wiseby subdued, submitting before her eyes to the yoke of love, and humbled under the wreck of his fine system, overthrown by a single glance from the eyes of Adriana. It required other means than entreaties to prevail upon the proud

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lady, who imagined herself reason personified. It was not until Victor made an appeal to her generosity, and desired her to place herself in his situation and then determine, that she began to hesitate. In fact, M. de Leyris had undertaken to make her perceive how delicate the situation was in which he was placed between the earl and Adriana; the one his sister, the other the friend from whom he expected the happiness of his life, but from whom he would neither force a consent nor wrest his secret. He even declared himself ready to go into voluntary banishment, if Lady Caroline would not consent to act as if she had known nothing and heard nothing, and in short

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remain a mute and indifferent spectator of what might happen. This new part which she was called upon to act, and in which that greatness of mind to which Victor and Lady Mary appealed, found more scope for its gratification than her pride, gave quite another turn to her ideas. But as she did not know how to do a good act with a good grace, she hesitated for a long time. The two persons interested in her decision almost despaired of success, when at length she gave her solemn consent to this secret agreement.

We have now introduced upon the scene all the persons that were assembled in Lord Wiseby's parlour. He

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was there at an early hour with his two sisters and Victor to breakfast; Madame d'Azemar alone had not yet made her appearance. Lady Caroline, judging how eager every one was to hear her, began thus.

"I will not inquire of you, M. de Leyris, whether you have forgotten the injuries I have done you: I am sure I have atoned for them."

He entreated her to say no more upon the subject. It was not her intention, therefore she continued:

"A word from Lady Mary taught me what I ought to do. My brother's

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means were sufficient to ward off the blow that had been levelled against you. As soon as I was certain of this, I vowed to find your sister, and to crown your wishes by restoring her to you. The friendship which Lord Wiseby has for you assured me beforehand that I could not procure you a surprise more agreeable to both of you."

She spoke these last words with an address that was not usual with her. Wiseby, whom the mere mention of Adriana's name was sufficient to throw into agitation, did not however conclude that his secret had been discovered. He cast his eyes to the ground,

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which prevented his observing that the two sisters and Victor looked at each other and smiled.

"I resolved to go to Hamburgh," continued Lady Caroline, "and there to seek for information respecting Madame d'Azemar. I recollected what we had heard before, that she had property lodged in Hamburgh. Her real name, it was to be expected, would be found in the registers of the bank of that city, and her correspondent specified. From thence it was my design to follow her footsteps, even though it should be necessary to go to France, and to Paris itself, and encounter every danger." At this moment an express

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sion of gratitude which displayed itself in every feature of Wiseby, repaid his sister for the generous design for which she gave herself credit. She proceeded in the following terms.

"I was fortunate enough not to have to wait long for an opportunity of passing over to the continent. I read in a newspaper an advertisement that a Mrs. Harley wished for a companion to go with her, at their joint expence, as far as Hamburgh. You know that Mrs. Harley is one of the silliest beings whom spleen has ever sent from England into foreign countries. Her head is empty, her understanding confined; her ears only re-

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quired noise, and her eyes motion. She travelled merely in order to see new faces, and for change of place. In other respects she is civil, and easy in her manners, and such a mere English-woman, that when at our arrival the merchant at whose house we took up our abode asked her whether she understood German, she immediately answered, 'I should be very sorry if I did.'

"I agreed with her that I would be known by no other name than that of Lady Caroline Selwyn. She had discretion enough not to inquire into my motives. But, now I think of it, you will not forgive me if I do not

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give you some description of Hamburgh. It is a very large city, the resort of people from all quarters of the globe. Business is transacted, and newspapers are written in it. It has a senate, which does not controul the affairs of the world, but is, on the contrary, their very humble servant; in short, Hamburgh is the place for great projects, great news, great expences, great dinners, great fortunes, and great bankruptcies.

"The scheme which had alone led me thither did not prevent my visiting with much interest a city which, independently of having Charlemagne for its founder, and its commercial

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greatness, has had the good fortune to survive five of the greatest calamities which can befal a town, having been four times sacked, and once visited by the plague."

Here Lord Wiseby made a motion expressive of impatience: probably he regretted within himself that his sister possessed so good a memory.

"The day after our arrival, we received a visit from a Frenchman who was much in the habit of frequenting the house of the merchant with whom we were connected. This was the Baron de Taley, with whom you, my brother, yesterday renewed your ac-

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quaintance. The baron, with the exception of his manners, resembles those officious *Ciceroni* who, according to the accounts of our English travellers, offer their services at the port of Naples to strangers who land there.

"This man displeased me from the first moment that I saw him. He is one of those amiable cosmopolites who always have a smiling air, who consider themselves strangers no where, but appear everywhere to be at home. If he has not seen elsewhere the persons with whom he speaks for the first time, he has always connexions with persons of their acquaintance: for example...."

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Wiseby gave a still more marked sign of impatience; but we have already said that Lady Caroline was a person who could not be interrupted: she therefore continued with the same calmness as before.

"The baron said he had not the honour of knowing my travelling companion; but he had been frequently at Spa and at Aix la Chapelle in company with her brother Sir Thomas Harley, a great better, a great player, and who had such a fine dog, called.. ..'Fox,' said Mrs. Harley, delighted to find herself among acquaintance.—'Yes, Fox, that was the name,' repeated the baron. Mrs. Harley did

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not let the opportunity slip of prolonging the conversation. — 'My dear brother!' she exclaimed; 'he left me his dog when he died.'— 'What! is Sir Thomas dead?' exclaimed M. de Taley, with an air of interest, as if he greatly regretted the deceased. 'Yes, sir, he is dead, and he died very unfortunately.' 'Alas! madam, at present there is no dying otherwise.'

"And thus, under the credit of the brother and of Fox, the baron got himself quite comfortably established in the house, brought us all the news of the town, and told us anecdotes true, false, or doubtful. He arranged

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our parties, helped us at table, and escorted home the ladies that came to see us."

After this torrent of superfluous words, which the impatience expressed in the countenance of every one present was incapable of stopping, Lady Caroline at length came to speak of Adriana.—"A woman," said she, "does not require much address to make a man answer questions which she does not choose to put to him in a direct manner. I led without difficulty M. de Taley to speak of the French that were in London, and I mentioned you, Count Victor.—'Victor de Leyris!' he immediately exclaimed: 'do you not know that his

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sister is here? I am astonished that you have not yet met with her. She passes here by the name of Madame Durand,' added he with a smile of mystery.

"I recollected what the family of Dumenil had told us concerning these measures of precaution which some of the emigrants found it necessary to adopt, and I did not doubt that it was actually Madame d'Azemar that was at Hamburgh. 'What sort of a person is she,' I asked with affected indifference. 'Does she resemble the count her brother?'

The baron immediately gave me her portrait.

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"She is of the same stamp,' said he: 'She is wisdom personified; not indeed with a helmet upon her head, and an aegis upon her arm, such as she issued from the brain of Jupiter.' Madame d'Azemar suffers herself to be attired by folly and consulted by reason. Nature seems to have given her levity of disposition, in order that she might be excused for having bestowed upon her an habitual correctness of judgment. A person who should not see her, but only hear her speak, could not guess her age. She employs herself about fashions with the young of her sex, converses on housekeeping with those of a more advanced age; she speaks of the pope with a bishop, and of the

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errors of the allies with Rivarol. She says severe things to every one, and yet it is evident that she thinks ill of no one. Nothing can be more even than her temper, or more delightful than her society. I know a fool who is often in company with her; but she never laughs when he speaks. It was from these seemingly trivial circumstances that I soon discovered that she has as much solidity of understanding as goodness of heart. It is easy to make her acquaintance; but I defy any man of the most insinuating address to say that he has advanced a step further. Finally, I know not where she has found the secret; but all the men

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admire her, and all the women pardon her.

"It is useless I suppose," continued Lady Caroline, "to remind you, that I merely repeat the words of M. de Taley." She was in the right; for if it be true that the Emperor Charles the 5th. said that a man ought to speak to God in Spanish, to his mistress in Italian, and to his friend in French, he undoubtedly added also, that the portrait of an amiable Frenchwoman ought to be drawn only by a Frenchman.

She had just finished this eulogium, faithfully repeated after the Baron, and

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in which the solidity of her character made her find that there were many things wanting, when Madame d'Azemar entered the room. She immediately embraced the two sisters, and then Victor; after which, turning towards Lord Wiseby, she said, "Here, my Lord, I stop: I do not make such mistakes in broad day-light as in the dusk of the evening. However you will admit that I was not much to blame for my mistake of yesterday. If it was not my brother whom I imagined I embraced, it was at least one who has long had a claim to my regard."

The earl kissed Adriana's hand with

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equal gratitude and respect. "Well, you are all seated comfortably together at an early hour," said she after some moments, looking round her in the most engaging manner imaginable. "I dare say Lady Caroline has done me the injury in my absence of relating to you our meeting, and all the obligations under which she has laid me: I am sure at least, that she has not told you how we became acquainted, and how she proposed to me to conduct me to my brother, for she never spoke to me of any one but of him: it was always Victor whom she placed in the fore-ground. She could not have played me a more treacherous trick, have laid a more agreea-

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ble snare for me," added Madame d'Azamar with all the grace of candour, and sensibility.

"Nothing is more true: all that your excellent sister told me was, that the Earl of Wiseby had the greatest friendship for my brother, and that he lived with this generous-minded nobleman, who would likewise offer me an asylum in his house. Pardon me the panegyric, Lord Milford; I did not know that it was you she spoke of. I therefore came to England prepared to love two Englishmen; and ought I to complain if they are but one? You, my dear lord, will have a double share in my affection; that you may expect

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But, my friend, I will say no more at present of my gratitude; my heart will daily find an opportunity of returning to this subject. Permit me, Lady Caroline, to continue the narrative instead of you. Your modesty would cause you to forget circumstances which I must not suffer to be lost. Where were you."

"We were," said Lady Mary, who held Adriana by the hand, "at the period when the Baron de Taley became acquainted with my sister. Your portrait, as drawn by him, appear to us very just and very fine."

Adriana answered gaily, "What,

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has the baron drawn you my portrait, Lady Caroline? Well, you shall some day have his drawn after my manner; but first of all I must acquaint Lord Wiseby and my brother where you and I saw each other the first time; they would never guess it.

"You are to know then that the ascension of an air-balloon had been announced at Hamburgh. The public went to admire this aërial car, while waiting the day on which its Phaeton was to expose himself in it to the risque of alighting among the snows of Lapland, or being precipitated into the middle of the Baltic.—I also presented myself to the aeronaut (is not that

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what they call them?)in order that I might do like the rest, and when once there I wanted to do a little more.

"In an inclosure was placed the balloon filled, but held down by cords, It was possible to ascend with it, and the owner elevated those that solicited it, to a moderate height. The corpulent president A—who has as much curiosity as any one when it may be gratified at a small expence, occupied one side of the basket. I thought it amusing to place myself opposite to him, and with the addition of a hundred weight and a half of ballast that was put in with me, I served as a counterpoise to his weight."

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Victor and Lady Mary immediately figured to themselves Madame d'Azemar in the air with the president, and laughed at the ludicrous gaiety of her idea: Wiseby alone did not laugh. She continued: "Inflamed with enthusiasm to soar above the vulgar crowd, I absolutely wished to ascend with the balloon at liberty, and cried out with animation, "Cut the cords, cut the cords." The president, affrighted, countermanded my orders by bawling with all his might: "Oh, do not cut, sir, do not cut." As may be supposed he had the aeronaut on his side. The balloon was lowered, Mr. A.... was the first to place his foot upon terra-firma, and was about

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to present me his arm to help me out of the basket. But I leaped out before my gallant had recovered his equilibrium, and said to him with an air of as much anger as I could assume, that is to say, turning aside in order not to laugh out, 'Mr. President, this is the last time that I shall go with you upon a balloon excursion.'

"At this moment the baron, who, in his character as introducer general of all strangers, had conducted Lady Caroline and Mrs Harley to the aeronaut, approached us, paid his respects to me, and invited me, as well as the companions of my aerial voyage, to come and breakfast with the ladies. The

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invitation was accepted, and thus our acquaintance commenced."

Adriana interrupted herself to ask Lord Wiseby whether he was displeased still to find in her, notwithstanding the calamities both public and private to which he must suppose her to have been either a victim or a witness, the same disposition of mind which he had formerly known her to possess when they were in Spain together. "Are you," said she, "one of those rigid philosophers who think it indicates levity at least to display gaiety under misfortunes?"

Lady Caroline immediately quoted

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Heraclitus, Diogenes and all the sect of Zeno. As she had more erudition than judgment, she asserted that a person who could laugh under misfortunes was not worthy of being put to the august test of adversity. This paradox astonished every one, and even she who had hazarded it stopped, almost amazed at having hit upon so fine a sentiment.

Wiseby replied very seriously, addressing himself to Adriana; "Madam, I suppose you have read some where that your harlequin having asked Louis the Fourteenth how he would be spoken to, the monarch answered, 'Speak as you please.' Thus, when the supreme

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being sends us misfortunes, I conceive that he says to every one: 'Bear it as you can.' The ancient philosophers have not given us, as the fruit of their meditations, any good remedies. Horace, the most amiable of them, only recommends patience to us; but we English cannot be your judges. In this country of spleen, we admire more than we comprehend, that happy disposition of mind, which enables a man to endure with cheerfulness what he cannot prevent. If London had been the theatre of the bloody catastrophes which took place in your country, I am convinced it would have been found necessary to place a guard over Westminster-bridge."

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"Well," replied Madame d'Azemar "I only wished to be satisfied that I had not prejudiced you against me. I change my tone, and I arrive at the moment when Lady Caroline deserves all our praises and acknowledgments, my dear Victor." Adriana, however, thought it more delicate not to dwell upon the praises of Lady Caroline in her presence; but this was becasue she was but imperfectly acquainted with her character. That singular lady heard with much more pleasure than embarrassment the good that was spoken of her: her predominant virtue was by no means diffidence.

"Three days at most had passed

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since I had become acquainted with your sister, Lord Milford, with Lady Caroline Selwyn; for it was by that name that she had made herself known to me; but I cannot explain to myself why she so constantly concealed from me that you were her brother. This was the more treacherous on her part, as I had been the first to speak to her of you. I shall not repeat what I said to her of you, as you are here. To return to Lady Caroline, I beg you to believe that I know how to maintain my gravity, and to speak reason when it is necessary. Lady Caroline then, whom I knew only by the kindnesses and civilities which she had shewn me, said to me one day: "Madam, you

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are sister to Count Victor de Leyris; I have to inform you that your brother is in England.'

" You may believe me, my friends, I was in a transport of joy. I thanked my informant a thousand times for the agreeable intelligence, when she had the generosity to add: 'I have done great wrongs to your brother, madam; and it is my wish to make compensation to him for them. The means are in your hands; you have undoubtedly the most ardent desire to be again with him. I beg, I intreat you to permit me to procure you that pleasure. Let me hear of no delays, of no objections, no impediments.

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Were you in want of every thing, I have money enough for both you and me; only consent and let us depart. Consider that I shall not be reconciled to myself until I shall have restored you to the embraces of your brother in the house of his friend, the Earl of Wiseby.'

'I was less astonished than affected, my lord, at the frankness and goodness of your amiable sister. I assured her that I did not wish to know what were the wrongs with which she supposed she had to reproach herself towards my brother; but that however great they might be, her frank confession and her generous conduct oblite-

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rated them all; in a word, that she ought in future to expect no other sentiments than those of gratitude from me and from you, my dear Victor. I embraced her, and we then commenced our preparations for our journey, when the Baron de Taley, who was at the other end of the saloon, but who attended at once to every conversation that was passing, came to join in our's, and addressed us—'What, ladies, are you going to take your departure for England? I certainly shall not suffer you to go by yourselves; I intend doing myself the honour of accompanying you.'

"The baron, as you may remark,

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is expeditious in his arrangements; but it is when persons and things suit him; for otherwise he will not put himself out of his way or lay himself under constraint for any one. But enough: it is not my intention to draw his portrait; I am not fond of slander; besides I may safely leave it to him to make you acquainted with his character within two days time."

Lady Caroline regretted that Madame d'Azemar was so reserved. We have already seen that she was not partial to M. de Taley: the fact is, they had within a very short time imbibed a most decided antipathy against each other. The lady always spoke

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of herself, the baron of himself. Their sentences, when speaking to each other, always commenced with the monosyllable, I. Lady Caroline harangued at Hamburgh as she was used to do at Wiseby Place, and M. de Taley had never in his life heard an harrangue to the end. "What a woman!" said he: "she is Aristotle in petticoats!"—"What a man!" said she, "his words run from him like the water from the urn of the Danaids."

But let us return to Madame d'Azemar's narrative. "The baron offered us his carriage as far as Cuxhaven; he would admit of no objection, regu-

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lated the plan of our journey, and insisted upon it that we should fix upon a day for our departure. He scarcely left me time to tell him that he was the most obliging person in the world. He proved to me, with irresistible volubility, that he was transported with pleasure at the idea of taking a trip to England, that his presence was there wished for and expected; and he left us to have his carriage got ready. And thus we left Hamburgh. Ah, Lord Milford, what a town, what a country! If it be the first requisite in the destiny of a woman to be handsome, I will answer for it that there the fair sex do not know the necessity of it. How can melancholy Germany

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ever be compared with gay, amiable France, the only country in the world where the people knew how to be happy, where the word *enjoy* had a real signification; where, without running after pleasure, they tasted it without effort, without fixed plan, and without constraint; where they did not require to preconcert plans of amusement, because they were always amused."

Lord Wiseby's countenance was clouded. Probably Madame d'Azemar perceived it; for she proceeded as follows.

"Perhaps you imagine from my

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complaints that nothing pleases me, that I must be dissatisfied every where; but that is not my case. I have acquired the habit of viewing persons and things on the fair side. It excites my laughter that they are not better, and sometimes even it affords me pleasure that they are not worse. I have a mind adapted to my position, and is that nothing? For my part, I maintain that it is one of the rarest things in the world. Now, at last, I am here in England. I am better here than any where else, because I am with you, my friends; but, my lord, you must guarantee me against this spleen, for they say it is catching."

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Thus Madame d'Azemar concluded her narrative. It afforded a correct idea of the new characters that had made their appearance at Wiseby Place; it left pleasing impressions in the souls of Victor and Lady Mary, as the agreeable vibrations of a lute, continue to impress the ear for a long time after the lute has ceased to sound; but these impressions had not entered the heart of Lord Wiseby, unmixed with painful sensations.

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CHAP. IV.

THE PYRENEAN FESTIVAL.

DRYDEN says,

> The being happy is not half the joy:
> The manner of the happiness is all.

If you are told that a man is unhappy, believe it: he is always more so than is imagined; for pride conceals half of what he suffers. If you are told a man is very happy, do not believe it, but consider his restless mind as an

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indication that he enjoys less internal satisfaction than he appears to do.

Too often a vessel that has sailed from the Indies with the richest cargo, after having been wafted by propitious gales across the seas of Africa and of Europe, encounters at the entrance of the Channel an adverse wind, which drives her back, by repeated squalls, to the Cape de Verd, or to the Azores. Thus Lord Wiseby, after having been close to the haven, found himself thrown back again into the wide ocean. He saw again in Adriana the daily object of his thoughts, the idol to whom for so long a time all his vows had been addressed, the only woman

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whom he had ever loved. He met her again at the age of twenty-six years, free, adorned with all the graces of a sex, which at that age is acquainted with all its means of fascinating us, of a sex which knows that its destination is to govern the men for their happiness and for its own, and that if the chains of the god of eloquence are of gold, those of beauty ought to be of flowers. Nevertheless Wiseby was not happy: happiness certainly did not fly from him; it was he that appeared to fly from happiness. It is time to explain how the originality of his character produced upon him so strange an effect.

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Instead of abandoning himself to dreams of felicity, he was a prey to astonishment, mistrust, we may also add to caprice. He had seen, in imagination, Adriana exposed to all the buffetings of misfortune, and suddenly she had appeared before him gay, cheerful, and happy. This sudden contrast had, as it were, repelled him from her. Embarrassed, almost abashed, at that tender interest which had been excited in him by fears devoid of reality, when his sorrow rested only upon an imaginary foundation, he became guilty of the injustice of accusing Adriana. The emotion which he had experienced at the first sight of this adored being, had belonged

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entirely to love. Recovered from his first surprise, recalling to his mind each of her motions, each of her words, he endeavoured to find something amiss in her to support him against his own weakness, and to defend what he called his reason against the impulses of his heart.

Soon after her arrival, he imagined he had discovered that she was no longer that ingenuous young woman, full of candour and simplicity, whose existence seemed wholly devoted to the fulfilment of the duties of filial piety towards an aged and infirm husband. She had, in Wiseby's opinion formed a plan to please all the world, in which

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she was but too successful. This seemed to him an ambitious and blameable coquetry, compared with the modest reserve, the consistent dignity of his own countrywomen.

Madame d'Azemar was far from suspecting what passed in the restless mind of the earl. None of the persons who were in the secret could confide it to her; for it may easily be supposed that Victor first of all exacted of Lady Mary the same secrecy which he had obtained of Lady Caroline. In this state of security Adriana enjoyed without hesitation all the pleasures of so unexpected a re-union. She went, as her curiosity led her, to all the

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public places and spectacles, wished to be acquainted with all the promenades, and all the places of public resort and entertainment. The more she indulged herself in the amusements suited to her age and taste, the more Lord Wiseby imagined he found his passion for her grow cool. He pretended not to feel love, and yet he was no stranger to jealousy.

The Baron de Taley had a methodical way of being at leisure, which gave an air of intention and plan to his idle activity. He came very often to see Madame d'Azemar; he called upon her in London, because he had been in the habit of doing it at Ham-

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burgh; he called again on the morrow because he had called the day preceding; he was very much at his ease in her company, because he was at his ease everywhere. His travelling companion rated him at his real value, which was easily discovered; and we may affirm that this observation had not escaped the earl, who, nevertheless, noticed with some concern these assiduous visits. If he had been asked what interest he took in them, he would have appeared surprised at its being supposed that he took any. And yet it was perhaps in consequence of this interest, that of all the useless persons whom he had met with, the baron was the one to whom he felt the least disposed to shew indulgence.

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Be that as it may, the extraordinary meeting of the Bachelor's Club took place, and Wiseby entered it with his mind as free as usual. At least such was the answer which he gave on putting the question to himself, as if the question did not already imply a doubt. Never did he speak with so much eloquence, and almost anger, against matrimony, and accordingly he was very well contented with himself. He forgot that anger is an auxiliary that seldom comes to a man's aid except when he fears to be vanquished. There was nothing more at present to detain him in London: he wished to return to Wiseby Place; and it appeared quite natural to him that Ma-

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dame d'Azemar should be of the party. She was the sister of his friend, and this alone was sufficient to give her a claim not merely to his respect, but to his most constant attentions. As long as she had been attached to the destiny of another, he had been able to love her without endangering his principles; after that, when he knew her to be her own mistress, he had abandoned himself to his anxiety, his alarms, all his tenderness for her, with the less reserve, as it was not probable that he would ever see her again. Now that, by an accident which he had no share in bringing about, Adriana was with him, his ingenuous heart shewed him his system under a safeguard equally

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secure. She had so much levity that he had no occasion to fear her gaining any ascendency over him; so far from that, he affirmed that if ever he should be capable of forgetting what he owed to himself and to the opinion of the public, an idea at which he revolted, this young Frenchwoman would never be the person he would marry.

It will easily be supposed that it was no part of his plan to invite M. de Taley to attend Madame d'Azemar to Wiseby Place: but as the baron was present when the proposition for their departure was made, Adriana drew Wiseby aside, and asked him whether he had any objection to invite him.

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At the first word the earl forgot that he had formed a contrary resolution, and he answered by approaching M de Taley, and holding out his hand to him. The latter said, with all the ease imaginable, "Well, my lord, and when do we set out?" The earl stopped short, and thought it unnecessary to be at the trouble of the compliment. The baron had alone invited himself, but Adriana could conclude that she had still some interest with Lord Milford, although he had changed his name.

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CHAP. V.

VISIT TO BURTON.

Lord Wiseby refused to see that Madame d'Azemar's affability of manners had less for its object to please everybody than not to displease any one: that this indulgent disposition and natural frankness, which he called coquetry, were not the effect of design, but had their origin solely in the goodness of her heart. Adriana had learnt from her intercourse with the world to know what a lively and handsome woman may allow herself without vio-

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lating any of the laws of propriety; and she was able, when necessary, to reassume the reserve, the modesty of her sex, and the dignity of her rank. Why did he not hear her converse with Lady Mary? He would have recognized in their confidential effusions the language, the expression, and the sentiments of genuine friendship, without distrust, mutually communicating the primitive impressions of innocence and virtue.

By an inconsistency which would have been unaccountable in any one but Lord Wineby, he nevertheless continually sought the company of the lady of whom he judged so harshly,

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He said to himself, that it was only in order that he might be the better enabled to judge of her: his attentions towards her had nothing affected in them; but they were so delicate, and so well applied, that he alone could attribute them to the long continuance of their acquaintance, or to his friendship for her brother.

Faithful to her promises, Lady Mary observed in silence, communicated nothing, and contented herself with hope. Till the arrival of Adriana, futurity had presented to the wishes of Lord Wiseby's young sister nothing but a horizon without bounds: now she could not disguise from herself that

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the moment of happiness might every day arrive for her. Why did she not dare to speak?.... 'Tis thus that the unhappy traveller, who is compelled to perform quarantine in the solitude of a lazaretto at Alicant, Malta, or Marseilles, finds the first month endurable, whereas it is the last days that become the most irksome to him, because he then begins to count the hours.

On the very day of Madame d'Azemar's arrival at Wiseby Place, she seemed desirous of knowing and examining every thing; she viewed every building, every situation with an interest, which could not but be very

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gratifying to the owner of the place. Only he was a little embarrassed when, after having been shewn over the house, Adriana made the remark that there was one apartment which she had not yet seen. But soon supposing that it was not furnished, or that the key was mislaid, she did not urge the matter, to the great satisfaction of her host, who would not have known how to extricate himself from the dilemma. Was it by way of thanking her that on the following day he procured Adriana so agreeable a surprize, by conducting her, without previously informing her of it, the road to Burtom? She was far from suspecting that she was about to be introduced among

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a circle of her friends; though she was not ignorant that Monsieur and Madame Dumenil lived in the neighbourhood of Lord Wiseby, since the latter, as well as Lady Mary and Victor, had often spoken of Adela de Rostange and her parents. Her entrance into their little cottage formed a truly interesting scene. The astonishment and happiness of the whole family at seeing her again; the equal happiness and astonishment of Adriana at embracing the father and mother, but especially Adela; finally, the caresses of the children who had first recognized and surrounded this amiable friend, altogether formed a very moving spectacle. "My lord," said

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Monsieur Dumenil, when he had recovered from his first surprize, "every visit with which you honour us will form an epoch in our hearts. Thus then we behold again this dear lady of whom we have spoken every time you have favoured us with a visit. You recollect that the very day before you set out for London, you were still so uneasy about her."

These observations of the good old gentleman disconcerted the earl a little; but he quickly brought Victor into play, spoke of the alarms of his friend on account of his beloved sister; but a look which he caught from Adriana was a recompense which he

kept for himself alone. M. Dumenil, however, returned to the subject: "This dear soul," said he, "how have we been tormented about her, my lord! In fact, it is impossible for me to say who testified most solicitude in her behalf, you or we."

The more Monsieur Dumenil dwelt upon this topic, the more the earl was embarrassed. He did not, however, repent having brought Madame d'Azemar to Burton. Every one found here something to occupy himself with. Adriana divided her attentions between Adela and her parents; Lady Mary displayed her amiable affability to every one; Victor seated the children upon

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his knees, and told them stories; Lord Wiseby seemed to listen to Monsieur Dumenil; the Baron de Taley looked about him without finding any thing to amuse him; as for Lady Caroline she had not joined the party for fear she should find it tiresome.

At length the inhabitants of Wiseby Place prepared to return. Monsieur Dumenil, observing that Madame d'Azemar was about to take her departure, said with his accustomed frankness, "Adieu, my sweet lady: now that I have seen our dear Madame d'Azemar tranquil and contented, I may say what Father Simeon did of old.... Yes, she is as amiable as she is

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good," continued he. "She is just like you, my lord; he who made the one made the other of you: indeed you ought to be married to one another. You will both pardon me this little sally," added he, observing that Lord Wiseby started involuntarily at hearing it.

They separated immediately after; but Monsieur Dumenil's sally had thrown the earl into an ill humour. He even took occasion, on the way home, to pronounce a violent philippic against matrimony, and concluding with an ironical panegyric upon that half of the human species to which Adriana belonged. He said, with bitterness,

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that matrimony was the less to be thought of, as the women, being perfect, ought to renounce the idea of meeting with their equals among the men. This ill-timed declamation wounded the pride of Madame d'Azemar. Her sex are never deceived with regard to the interest which they excite by the power which they exercise. Their discernment in this respect is quick and their judgment sure, by a happy faculty which may be called an instinct of the heart.

Shocked at Lord Wiseby's speaking in contradiction to his own judgment, and calumniating his real sentiments, she wished to repel the offence. "My

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lord," said she coolly, "if education has left some faults in men, heaven has given to women, by way of compensation, some virtues." The earl gazed at her with astonishment: it seemed as if Adriana had by a single word summoned the shade of Monsieur d'Azemar to bear witness to the truth of what she said. Afflicted at having offended her whom he loved, her whom he admired; afflicted equally at having displeased himself, being nothing less than certain that he was in the right; in short, discontented with all the world, he arrived at Wiseby Place, having no one to complain of but himself. In the evening scarcely any one spoke but Lady Caroline. This even-

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ing appeared tedious and melancholy; the day had concluded so unfavourably. Madame d'Azemar, without suffering it to be perceived, without having any thing to reproach herself with, meditated on the scene which had taken place. Victor endeavoured not to think of it; but Lord Wiseby had it continually upon his mind, and it chagrined him more on his own than on Adriana's account. But Lady Mary was the person whose feelings were the most deeply affected by this unfortunate occurrence, which for the present banished the hopes of her love.

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CHAP. VI.

THE MORNING WALK.

Let us not censure too severely the inconsistency of the human mind. We have observed that the happy man, thanks to his natural restlessness, is often more unhappy than he appears; and perhaps we shall discover that Lord Wiseby appeared more unhappy than he was in reality. There are in the heart of a man who loves, a thousand imperceptible pores by which new enjoyments enter every moment. A lively passion serves for its daily food; but often a mere conformity of tastes—the discovery of some habit common to

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both—a mutual resemblance in the most trivial particular—accomplishes the delusion, and completes that harmony which produces a perfect concordance between two individuals attracted to one another.

A few days after this evening, on which the advocate for celibacy had given such an unreasonable scope to his humour—an evening which Lady Mary had marked among her unpropitious days—Lord Wiseby went out, as usual, at four o'clock, to breathe the morning air in his park. What should prevent him now from passing an additional hour there? What should he go to do in the mysterious

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apartment, the key of which had remained in his bureau ever since Adriana's arrival. He had always been accustomed to walk in one particular part of his demesne: this time, directed by accident, or perhaps rather by a secret which attracted him towards the spot which Adriana inhabited, he found himself close to the house which she occupied with Lady Mary, before he perceived that he had taken the road that led to it. The path which he followed led him to a fine verdant lawn, very solitary, and surrounded with young trees, in front of which stood an ancient majestic oak. The moment he discovered this tranquil verdant retreat, he at the same

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time espied a female figure dressed in white, and leaning against the tree in an attitude of meditation. Had not the shades of night been some time since dispelled by the first beams of Aurora, he might have taken this white figure for a phantom; but Adriana was too much in his thoughts for him not to recognize her.

He stopped short, and looked at her with considerable astonishment. She was charming, and could not be mistaken for any other person; for what other handsome woman could have risen at so early an hour? "May I enquire, madam," said Lord Wiseby, "by what accident I meet you here?"

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"It is an accident to which I expose myself every morning at this hour."

"How!" continued Wiseby, charmed at this discovery, "do you rise every morning at four o'clock?"

"Certainly: it is a principle of health which I have adopted for a long time past. Did I not tell you that I once passed six months in Italy with good Doctor Thouvenel? In summer it is my custom to rise with the sun: I love to see all nature awake from sleep, and when I have breathed at leisure the pure air of this delicious moment, when the day commences with the

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generality of the human species, I go to finish my night. I lie down again and sleep till nine o'clock, when I rise with my senses refreshed, my spirits high, and my ideas clear."

"Do you know," said the earl, with an air expressive almost of astonishment, "that this practice is really very rational?"

"My lord," replied Adriana, laughing at the tone in which this compliment was uttered, "you really do me infinite honour."

"No: but indeed I am charmed to find that you follow such a practice."

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"In the fine season of the year," replied Adriana, "we live in no other manner among our mountains. I have been used, in my early youth, to run in the morning with our Biscayan peasant-girls. I have often taught you to distinguish them in Navarre by their short jackets and the baskets they carry upon their heads. They are as swift and nimble as does. You would find it a difficult matter to follow us."

"Yes," said the earl, who certainly at this moment thought himself the happiest of mankind; "I recollect them perfectly well; I have even in my possession one of their dresses,

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which I brought with me from Pampeluna."

"Ah, my lord, what recollections you revive within my mind! I cannot restrain my regret when I think of our young Biscayan lasses, so lively and gay; of our Pyrenees, our cottagers, and their cheeses, of which our good Henry was so fond. I still see the old woman to whom I used to go and eat of them, and who received me always with so much cordiality. I think I see her little cottage, the Gave that runs at the back of it, and that rustic bridge which I used to cross with so much pleasure."

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Here Wiseby, deeply affected, interrupted Adriana by asking her: "And, madam, does your memory thus preserve the remembrance of all your friends?"

"My heart," she immediately replied with sensibility, "loses no remembrance; it loves all that it has loved."

This answer instantly produced upon him the effect of the rose-leaf, which, dropped into the already full cup of an inhabitant of Olympus, would cause the nectar to run over the brim. Transported, subdued, he advanced and

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exclaimed with the most tender, impassioned accent—" Adriana !" and suddenly stopped short.

Madame d'Azemar gazed at him, and the mere thought that she had her eyes fixed upon his, caused his heart to palpitate with such violence, and threw his ideas into such disorder, as in a manner to interrupt the passage of all his words. It would have been easier for him to speak three hours extempore in the House of Lords, than to continue in that tone. The good and sensible earl did not know how to read the heart of Adriana. He did not reflect that a man who wishes to

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please is never more eloquent than when he is affected to such a degree as no longer to know what he is saying. He had seized Madame d'Azemar's hand, and had quitted it again. She smiled and said, "My lord, I shall not repeat what you have just been saying to me." At this, Wiseby was only the more disconcerted, and it was as much as he could do if he heard Adriana say, as she parted from him: "My dear Lord, we are both of us persons of method: it is yet very early, and I have still three hours to sleep; so good evening to you."

She had disappeared—had lain

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down again—had slept, at least I suppose so, when the clock struck nine, and Lord Wiseby was still at the same place

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CHAP. VII.

THE PYRENEAN FESTIVAL.

This morning Lord Wiseby appeared later at the breakfast table than any one in the company. Lady Mary observed to him, perhaps with a little archness, that he seemed no longer the same person. He, who had always been so punctual, to make his appearance the last! "Brother," said Lady Caroline, introducing her discourse with a flourish of her hand, which seemed to announce its importance, "the moral world has its prognostics of re

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volution like the physical world. The earthquake of Calabria was portended by the variation of the barometer, and your's seems to be astonishingly deranged."

The earl, embarrassed, made no answer; but Adriana came to his relief, by saying immediately: "My lord, you have no idea how well I have slept;" and I do not know why Adriana said these words with something less of a natural air than usual.—"But," added she, "sleep has not impaired my memory. I have recollected that you had heard me speak with pleasure of our Bearn Mountains, and that I could shew you a view of

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the very landscape which I am so fond of recalling to my recollection. It was drawn some time ago by Victor, and I have laid it aside for your inspection."

The Baron de Tabey did not leave the earl time to finish his acknowledgments, but interrupted him by saying: "as for me, I awoke with an unpleasant idea in my head. I recollected that I yesterday completed my thirty-fifth year."

Whatever pleasure the baron might enjoy in speaking of himself, this communication which he made to the company was so little à-propos, that

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every one was persuaded that he owned to thirty-five merely in order to avoid being thought forty-four, which was really his age. Madame d'Azemar looked at him with a smile; then assuming a tone of gravity not usual with her, she said, "For my part, I have not thought of my age these many years past. When the future offers no objects of hope, we endeavour to get through the present without thinking of the past. Life is then a dream, and our object is not to live but to sleep."

The earl seemed as if motionless with astonishment. Lady Mary, always kind and affectionate, drawing

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her chair towards that of Madame d'Azemar, said, almost with tears in her eyes: "My dearest friend, has not then your birth-day been always made a festival, wherever you have been?"—"Dear Lady Mary," answered Adriana, "I have been able to resist misfortune, but happy days I have not known for a long time."

Lord Wiseby, who did not lose a single word that fell from Adriana, seemed to cut short the conversation; but we shall soon see that he only followed up an idea which he was revolving in his mind. "You was just speaking, madam," said he, of a view of the Pyrenees; will you

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have the goodness to intrust it in my hands."—"My lord, you may make a request to me more difficult to be granted."...."But you do not know that I should wish to have it very soon; to-day, for example."—"You shall have it immediately." And Adriana had no sooner given him this obliging answer, than she went out to fetch the drawing he wanted.

He had conceived the project of giving Victor's sister a surprise worthy of himself, of his fortune, and of the generous interest by which alone he conceived himself actuated towards her. Adriana was at this moment in his eyes nothing less than a

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lady who had long been unhappy, whose sufferings he ought to endeavour to beguile, and to whom it was his duty to afford consolation, because it was in his power to offer it to her. This consolation he could have wished to procure her immediately, by the waving of a magic wand; but he took care not to imagine that he was doing any thing for a woman whom he loved. He fancied he was discharging a debt which he owed to the unfortunate, unconscious that he was all the while obeying the irresistible impulse of his passion. To what could the insulated man attribute all the pleasure which he enjoyed by anticipation?

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Adriana returned to the breakfast-parlour with the drawing in her hand. It was rolled up. Lord Wiseby eagerly unrolled it. Lady Caroline begged to see it, and observed that it would have a fine effect in her optical exhibition. Her brother begged her to leave it to him to apply it to a good purpose; and with an air of the greatest satisfaction, he desired Lady Mary, in a whisper, to ask Victor, who sate beside her, when his sister's birth-day was. Adriana, who had overheard the earl, answered herself: "You will admit, my lord, that I am as capable as any one of giving you that information. You are then very curious to know that I am twenty-six

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years of age." "Madam," replied the very intelligent Baron de Taley, with a primness which he took for an air of gallantry, "it is necessary that you should say it to have it believed. The graces are always in their spring."

Victor remarked to his sister, that to ask when her birth-day was, did not amount to the same thing as inquiring what was her age. "Well, my lord," continued she, addressing herself to the earl, "you are to know that I was born under the sign of the Balance, on the sixth of September. Do you intend to cast my nativity?" "The sixth of September," repeated Lady Mary, "that is a fortnight hence."

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"That is a little more time than one should suppose, because I am one of those persons whose days begin early. Is it not so, my lord?"

"Yes, madam," immediately replied Lord Wiseby, who was in the best humour possible; "and yet you make us think them very short."

"That is just what I was going to say," added the baron facetiously: "you have gained the advantage of me in quickness."

The earl begged his pardon for having deprived him of the opportunity of uttering a compliment equally de-

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heats and navel; then beckoned to Victor, took him with him, and did not stop till he came to the middle of the park: there, holding the drawing in one hand, and the graphometer in the other, he said with a mysterious air to M. de Leyris, "My friend, the anniversary of Madame d'Azemar's birthday takes place within a fortnight. There is the ground, here your model. Let us fall to work, and be sure you say not a word about the matter."

Victor smiled, fixed the graphometer upon its legs, and took the first measurements.

The situation was hilly, picturesque,

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and interspersed with larches and pines, some standing singly, others in groups. On every side large masses of rock projected from the ground, which required only to be disposed of to produce their proper effect, and especially so as to exhibit the resemblance of that beautiful valley of the Pyrenees, of which Victor's pencil had furnished the most accurate idea. The latter assured Lord Wiseby, that with sufficient workmen he should easily be able to copy the trees, the masses of stone, the variations of the ground, the little cottage, and the wooden bridge, but that the Gave embarrassed him extremely, as there was no water about the place.

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"What," exclaimed the English peer, "do I require of you a Pyrenean landscape, and shall I not be able to furnish you with a rivulet? I will answer to you for your Gave, my friend; it is but two paces distant."

The earl immediately led Victor to the summit of a real mountain, which nature had placed there as if on purpose, and shewed him, at a little distance, a swamp formed by abundant springs, that only needed to be directed into a proper channel. If it had been the finest lake, it would have been equally sacrificed to copy the Gave for Adriana. The declivity of the hill ensured a sufficient fall, and

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gave reason to expect an unequal bed, natural windings, an extremely picturesque bridge, in short, a fine torrent with all its appendages.

Lord Wiseby was now a stranger to repose. Two weeks appeared to him as many years, as many ages, and yet, when he compared them with his wishes, he found the labours of the workmen too slow, the days too short. He grudged even the hours which night denies to labour; he counted them all, for he was too impatient, too happy, to suffer sleep to approach him.

Two hundred workmen were employed at once, some in constructing

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the rustic mountain-cottage, others in removing the trees that impeded the execution of the plan; or in hollowing out the bed of the projected river. An enormous surface of rock was laid bare, which afforded a perfect imitation of the white marble bottom over which the Gave rolls its clamorous waves.

During twelve days the workmen laboured without intermission: Victor did not quit them. Lord Wiseby spared no expence to stimulate their industry: the Baron de Taley was no less liberal of his advice, which was not always destitute of sense; for it had been judged adviseable to let him

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into the secret, as a man who had seen much, and who might suggest a lucky idea occasionally from recollection. All the accessary circumstances had been ably managed. The large rock which had been precipitated purposely in order to make an artificial obstruction to the course of the torrent, was placed as naturally as in the drawing. Nothing was now wanting but the Gave, the source of which was at the distance of a little more than half a mile. Victor awaited its arrival with his eye fixed upon the spot from which it was to issue. All who had been engaged in the work shared the eagerness and impatience of the young Frenchman. Every one watched and

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listened. Suddenly Lord Wiseby gave the signal—the sluices were opened: he, being on horseback, shot off like an arrow, and, transported with joy, he exclaimed to M. de Leyris, "Here comes the Gave: oh, how grand!"

An awful sound announced the arrival of the stream. When it had taken possession of its channel, when the water ran between the full banks, moistened the rocks, and filled the atmosphere with unwonted coolness, the illusion became so complete, that the baron, comparing the copy with the original, declared that no imitation of nature had ever been better executed.

At length, happy moment! the tep-

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mination of the fifteenth night arrived. The sun rose, every thing was ready, and the fête about to commence. It was at eight o'clock in the morning that the plot was put into execution.

Suddenly half a dozen Biscayan tambourines, and as many fifes, roused Adriana, who had lain down again according to her custom, and was enjoying her second sleep. Lady Mary and the amiable Adela entered her chamber, attired like peasants of the Pyrenees. All the young women employed in their service, and in that of Lady Caroline, followed in their train. A short petticoat of green, red, or brown stuff, displayed their well turned ancles, and formed an agreeable contrast with the

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boddice to which it was joined. The small mountaineer's bonnet covered the crown of their heads, and the ample shawl of red crape thrown across their shoulders floated in the wind.

Adriana, hardly awakened from her sleep, found herself in their hands, and soon saw herself attired by them. At the gate stood a kind of flexible car, composed of branches of trees interwoven together, covered with moss, and surmounted with an awning of leaves and flowers. "My dear friend," said Lady Mary, presenting to her a handkerchief to blindfold her, "have confidence in us." "Do what you please," Adriana replied,

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and immediately she felt herself raised and conveyed along in the easiest, smoothest, and most agreeable manner possible. The march, or rather the dance, commenced to the sound of the mountaineer-music, which is played by those lively peasants of Bearn, which Adriana had herself so often played and danced to, and which she had taught to the inhabitants of Wiseby Place. At the head of the procession was the Baron de Taley, always younger than his years. It approaches the place of the scene; the noise of the torrent strikes Adriana's ear. "What is it that I hear?" she inquires: "you are not going to throw me into the Thames, my friends."—"You shall

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see," exclaimed Adela and Lady Mary together. The noise ceased, the procession stopped, the car was set down, the handkerchief was removed from Adriana's eyes, and she imagined herself in a dream.

The Gave which she regretted, her rustic bridge, the cottage which she loved, her favourite valley, appeared before her as if by enchantment. The sweetest, the most sudden emotions filled her eyes with tears, agitated her soul, embarrassed her speech; she appeared scarcely able to support herself; her strength seemed about to abandon her, and Lord Wiseby reproached himself for not having managed this stroke

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of theatrical effect with more caution. "Ah! my lord," said Adriana to him with an enchanting smile, "little did I think that joy could prove so overwhelming."

Madame d'Azemar had smiled: gaiety revived, and one surprise succeeded the other. The earl conducted her to the other side of the bridge, where young peasant girls presented to her live ortolans, birds of passage in the Pyrenees, whose breasts and necks are adorned with black feathers. Others offered her pairs of those beautiful fowls that are so much sought after in the vallies of Bearn, and which are known there by the name of *palombs*.

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Some jovial villagers led three antelopes to her, and others brought bears to dance before her while they played upon the mountain fife.

"You will excuse me," said Lord Wiseby, "that wolves are wanting to complete the picture. You know that we have none in England, and I do not think that you regret their absence."

Victor waited for his sister at the door of the cottage. He was dressed in the French uniform, white turned up with red, in which from her infancy she had been used to see him on holidays. She entered, and Monsieur and Madame Dumenil, both dressed in

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the mountain garb, did the honours of a pastoral repast, during which Lady Caroline, whose gravity did not permit her to join in the masquerade, but who had not refused to perform a part in the festival, read a pastoral in French verse, which she had employed as many days in composing, as her brother had in making his river Gave. Every one assured her that it was worthy of the pen of a Fontenelle, and probably Lady Caroline did not think that eulogy adequate to its merit.

"Oh, my friends," Adriana repeated incessantly, "what truth there is in your magic picture! Your heart has forgotten nothing;" and her eyes often

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dwelt upon Lord Wiseby with an expression of perhaps something more than tender gratitude.

The whole morning and afternoon were devoted to Madame d'Azemar's festival. Every one participated in the happiness which seemed pourtrayed in the demeanour, the motions, and the discourse of the earl. Never had a day appeared more happy and joyous, when, towards evening, Adriana, retracing with delight all the enjoyments which it had afforded her, approached Lord Wiseby, and placing one of her hands upon his arm, "Permit me, my lord," said she, "once more to thank you. I have felt, I have appreciated

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every thing. Not a single recollection has escaped you. Even Victor you have dressed in an uniform calculated to recal to my remembrance our plays, our festivals, and our pleasures...." Then, suddenly turning towards M. de Leyris, as if a circumstance long since forgotten had just occurred to her memory, "Good God, Victor," she exclaimed, "that uniform brings to my recollection the medallion you formerly sent me. I had the misfortune to lose it at Pampeluna, I believe at that bull-fight at which we were present together Lord Wiseby," added she lowering her voice. There was nothing very strongly marked in the manner in which Madame d'Azemar pronounced

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these last words. It could not even be affirmed that she spoke them with any particular intention: however, it was not impossible to suppose that she had one which she wished to conceal. Lady Mary cast down her eyes for fear of betraying her brother's secret. The latter turned aside so quickly that Adriana might easily suspect she had discovered a guilty person. Perhaps even, after all that had passed, she might suppose that the medallion in Lord Wiseby's possession was found again for her; but as for him a sentiment of embarrassment, confusion, restraint, had suddenly seized upon his whole countenance. He imagined that a gulf was opened beneath his feet; he

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thought his sentiments had been discovered; and as the eye of the wisest man sees falsely when he becomes a prey to alarms, he saw the whole public become privy to that passion to which his singularity of character had paid so strange a tribute. Putting no bounds to his apprehensions, he went so far as to think that the sincerity of his principles would be called in question, and that he would be supposed capable of submitting to a yoke of which he had declared himself with such publicity the most determined enemy, that is to say, of the last degree of inconsistency.

And thus it was that a word, a sin-

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gle word, clouded the evening of a fine day, whose morning and noon had shone with such a serene lustre. Pensive and silent, Wiseby carefully concealed the melancholy ideas which in crowds assailed his mind. Tumultuous gaiety reigned around him; he therefore retired to his apartment. Was it then impossible for him to taste unmixed happiness?

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CHAP. VIII.

INDISCRETIONS.

Lord Wiseby arose. The clouds which hung over his mind were dissipated with the shades of night. A few hours repose had been sufficient to put an end to his false alarms: soon he saw nothing more of a concealed design in the question which Adriana had put to him, and at last he ranked it among those unfortunate accidents for which no one can justly be blamed. It cannot appear surprising that the preparations for the festival, which we have described, occupied his whole

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time for the space of a fortnight. But this festival was now over, and the employment of his time remained no less deranged. He no longer went so often as before to view his cattle and the agricultural operations that were carrying on under his directions. The only hours that formed epochs in his thoughts, the only ones which he found short, which he expected with impatience, and which he saw return with pleasure, were those which he passed in the company of Madame d'Azemar. The more he observed her, the more engaging and valuable qualities he discovered in her. He could never sufficiently admire that affectionate gratitude, that tender respect with which

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she spoke of her former husband. What simplicity, what modesty did she display when she enumerated the attentions which she had received from him, the dangers she had shared with him, whilst she avoided dwelling upon those from which she alone had guarded M. d'Azemar. In short, it became every day more difficult for Wiseby to disguise from himself that she possessed an understanding equally solid and brilliant; that her conversation, though habitually the easiest and gayest imaginable, was not deficient in depth; and that, nevertheless, she made no parade of her knowledge, but seemed to have seen all that she had seen merely *en passant* and by accident.

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One day, among others, when Lady Caroline was not haranguing, and when the Baron de Taley had ceased to utter words without meaning, or, in other terms, had discontinued speaking, the general conversation fell upon conscience. The baron asserted, with more sense and reason than perhaps belonged to him, that he knew as many different kinds of conscience as he knew countries, languages, religions, and, perhaps, different individuals.

Lady Mary, when called upon, answered with amiable ingenuousness, that her conscience was of the same opinion with those whom she loved.

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At the same time she fixed her eyes with the most tender expression, first upon her brother, and then upon Victor. Madame d'Azemar, speaking in her turn, said that for her part, for fear of deceiving herself, she had a written conscience, and that she consulted it very often. When she was pressed to explain herself, she confessed, that ever since she knew herself, she had made it her constant rule, a superstitious one if they chose to call it so, to write down in a memorandum book what truth always permits us to think, but what the considerations of society, respect for others, and conventional prudence, too often forbid us to say. The baron asked

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her whether he might not flatter himself that he had a place in her memorandum-book. "Why not?" answered she: "however make yourself easy, I judge less of others than of myself: they are lessons of experience which I give to myself. Experience is like words; it flies away: I have endeavoured to fix it. We gain something in the long run by comparing ourselves with ourselves: the main point is to do it with sincerity, and I have never, no never, dared to commit a falsehood to my memorandum-book."

While she was speaking, Lord Wiseby, who before had been walking about the room, stopped to listen to her, and

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as he thus stood near her, he passed incessantly from admiration to the most tender sentiments, but also from these sentiments to distrust and uneasiness. It is difficult to conceive how this kind of vague jealousy of which the Baron de Taley was the object, could find in the heart, or rather in the understanding of the earl, any nourishment, after all the proofs of sensibility which he had received from Adriana during the Pyrenean festival, after all that he himself had done for her and for her brother, and the claims which so much generosity and delicacy had given him to the esteem and even to the affection of this adored woman. It was not that she paid more attention

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than she did to any other man, to the officious, forward person, that displeased Lord Wiseby; but any other man in the same situation would have displeased him equally. He who at this moment gave him umbrage, was in the habit of conversing with Adriana at almost every hour of the day. He rendered her a thousand trifling services, for which the good earl thought with chagrin that he might perhaps have been applied to, had not the baron always stood in his way. These services of themselves would have had no value in the eyes of any one less warmly interested about Adriana; but the uneasiness of a man's mind blinds his vanity, and Lord Wiseby imagined

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himself excluded from a preference to which he had more claims than one. Finally, M. de Taley was often admitted early in the morning into Adriana's chamber, and her host, to whom the assiduity of this Frenchman had been a subject of discontent even before they left London, made the remark with chagrin and almost with bitterness. He again saw him quit Madame d'Azemar's apartment on the morning after the day on which he had heard that singular woman speak with such justness and reason on the subject of her memorandum-book. He thought himself authorized to put her upon her guard against an unusual familiarity, which is considered in

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England as one of the greatest improprieties.

Adriana's first emotion was astonishment. "My lord," said she smiling, "the house of a French lady ought to be made of glass, like that of a certain Roman, whose name I have forgotten. Believe me, she may receive company in her bed-chamber, with the doors and windows open, not excepting even the Baron de Taley."

Lord Wiseby retreated, not a little discontented with the effect of his warning. What was his surprize when, on the same day, Adriana took him by the arm, and leading him to a window,

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"My lord," said she, with a tone of affection and gratitude, "you ought not to be accustomed to give ineffectual admonitions. I have profited by that I received from you this morning; I have reflected upon it. Yes, you are in the right: every one ought to conform to the customs of the country in which he lives, and it is my intention to do so. I have noted down the fault in my memorandum-book; may I not also write there that you have pardoned it?"

"No, no;" cried the earl, "it is you that are born to set an example to all the world. If you act differently from every one else, it is every one else

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that is in the wrong. You are made to be always in the right."

The rest of the day the good earl passed in a state of transport; but what enchantment can last? Towards the evening he was in the drawing-room, and no one but his youngest sister with him. Lady Mary, whom protracted hope threw into a painful languor, observed, with much interest, the ascendancy which Adriana gradually gained over him. Whenever the account of any marriage was read before her in any of the public papers, she looked at her brother, who seemed gradually to have relaxed considerably from the rigour of his avowed

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system. Sometimes he admitted that this alliance was a suitable one from family circumstances; sometimes that another might prove happy, because it was the union of talent and beauty, with merit and virtue. In short, he did not approve of it that people should marry; but it was evident that he began to conceive that they might marry.

Lady Mary imagined she had found this evening one of those moments in which he seemed almost accessible to insinuations of so delicate a nature. She therefore ventured to say, "But suppose, brother, that before the end of three months, your own marriage

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should be announced to the public, and you should become indebted to such an union for the happiness of your life."

The earl, for the first time in his life, put himself into a passion at his good and gentle Mary, and answered her in a vehement tone of voice: "It is singular enough that you should think yourself capable of reconciling me to such a scheme. Me, to marry! I should like to know what can make you think it possible for me to be guilty of such a piece of inconsistency. Me, to marry! I intreat you, my good sister," added he in a much

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milder tone, "do not attempt to jest with me in this manner again."

Her grief at seeing that an opportunity which she thought so favourable, had thus deceived her hopes, made Lady Mary forget for a single moment the promises of secrecy which she had given to Victor; and she said, with impatience: "But, my brother, if it is so easy for you to remain master of your heart, what is it you do with that fine——"

The involuntary motion with which she accompanied these words that escaped her, her eyes which directed

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themselves towards the mysterious apartment, her hand which pointed to the door of it, indicated but too plainly what she was about to say. The earl, confounded, required time to recollect that he had never forgotten the key of that door. He was, however, just upon the point of asking his sister how she could carry her curiosity so far as to ——; when Lady Mary, reading his thoughts, immediately exclaimed, "Do not imagine that I have ever entered that apartment. It was the wind that one day blew aside the blind."

The earl covered his face with both his hands, and remained for some time

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silent. But his sister testified so much regret for the indiscretion which she had committed, and exhibited such genuine marks of sorrow, that he forgot all his anger, and embracing her tenderly, said, not without great emotion of mind, "You possess my secret; keep it." And, after a pause, he added: "but do not draw any inference from it."

Having said this, he left Lady Mary overwhelmed with melancholy, while his own breast was a prey to the most violent agitation. The inhabitants of Wiseby Place returned one after another to the drawing-room, and Lady Mary was obliged to use great exer-

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tion to conceal her chagrin. As for the earl, he sent to apologize for his absence, under the pretext of indisposition.

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CHAP. IX.

TRAVELLING SCHEMES.

Lord Wiseby had not closed his eyes. What a difference from those nights, the end of which he imagined he hastened by his impatience, when each that passed was one step more taken towards an enjoyment that was to be imparted—an enjoyment that Adriana was to taste! What a contrast with this cruel night, whose duration he accused in the anguish of apprehensions now confirmed. He loves; he has at length confessed it

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himself; but he learns that his passion is no secret. His sister has placed the fatal torch before his eyes; another besides himself possesses the secret. Ah! though it be this beloved sister herself, it is beyond his power to endure the idea. No doubt she will keep it; but yet she may confide it. It is enough that this is possible, in order to make him fear it, to make him believe it certain. That is the cause of his anguish, of the humiliation that overwhelms him. It is no longer a vain attachment to a false system that still detains him; it will not hold out against his passion; his system is now nothing more than an edifice suspended in the air; its supports are

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removed, but a phantom is there to defend it. This terrible phantom is regard for public opinion, a tyrant whose empire is universally acknowledged, and which presents itself under a thousand terrific forms to the mind of the lover of Adriana. Agitated, tormented, distracted by all kinds of doubts and perplexities combined, the earl at length persuaded himself that he had discovered the only means of insuring his tranquillity and his reputation, by reconciling them with his passion. As soon as it was day, his valet delivered the following letter to Lady Mary:

" My secret is known, my dear sis-

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ter; perhaps only to you; but that is already too much. Beware lest you suspect me of inconsistency; beware of thinking that I can ever marry.... and whom?

"My fortune, my rank, my title, are not advantages of any great value in the eyes of Madame d'Azemar. Mistress of her lot, a woman of quality, young, irresistibly fascinating, the noble seal of adversity marks her destiny. It only increases the interest which she inspires—renders her courage and her misfortunes more powerful incentives to tender admiration. Some remains of her fortune and limited wants insure the independence

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of her life and the liberty of her affections. Adriana is above making calculations, and I could offer her nothing that she would not disdain. I see with the most heartfelt pleasure, my sister, that she possesses your friendship; make it your endeavour to merit her's. I leave you together at Wiseby Place; her, in order to afford her a shelter against the censorious remarks of an unjust public, that will soon respect neither my principles nor her misfortunes; you, in order that you may supply my place in those attentions which I shall no longer render her, and to bear witness that I shall never be in contradiction with myself. I know that this is doing no-

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thing towards your happiness. I know what are the wishes of your heart. Do you not guess what it costs me not to fulfil them? Shall I not still be your brother—will not you still be my best-beloved sister? Ah! if I sacrifice to my principles both your happiness and your wishes, I permit you to think that I am perhaps equally cruel towards myself!

"To-morrow I shall set out for my estates in Scotland. I confide my secret motives alone to your friendship. I shall announce my intention to-day: my pretext is already prepared, and my resolution fixed. I shall speak of my speedy return; but of that believe

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nothing; believe only the tender attachment of your brother,

WISEBY."

Lady Mary bathed this letter with her tears. She ran to her brother's apartment: he was gone. Ah, unhappy lady! you designed to conjure him to remain, for the sake of his happiness and your's! Who will support you—who will console you under affliction so just, so genuine, so profound? Victor first occurred to her thoughts; but how acknowledge to him that she had failed in keeping a promise? How expose herself to his reproaches, afflict him whom she loves, lose something of his esteem? And

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has not Victor himself vowed that he will abuse none of his rights over his friend? Will he not refuse to act, to speak? Adriana is the only person who can hear Lady Mary: she is her refuge, she is her support. She will not blush to weep upon the bosom of Adriana. Besides, where is the crime? It is only her own affliction which she will reveal to her: she will speak to her only of her own passion, and of the cruel system which opposes her union with Victor; and is not Victor the brother of Adriana? She will only say that, and nothing else. She now hastens to Madame d'Azemar; already the secret of Lady Mary is no longer in her sole posses-

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sion; she has divulged the whole of it, and Adriana has Lord Wiseby's letter in her hands.

At dinner-time Lord Wiseby, fully determined upon setting out for Scotland on the morrow, returned from visiting his grounds, from which he was going to be absent for a long time. As he came to the house, he was surprised to see a strange carriage at the foot of the steps, which seemed only to be waiting for post-horses. On inquiring what this meant, he was informed that the carriage belonged to the Baron de Taley, who was setting off after dinner with Madame d'Azemar. "Madame d'Azemar going!"

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he exclaimed, and entered the dining-room, scarcely master of himself. This violent emotion could not but increase when he beheld Adriana in a travelling-dress, and heard her apologize for her dishabille, by saying that she had been making the preparations for her departure.

During dinner, the earl spoke only on indifferent topics, like those who are less occupied with what they are saying, than with what they would wish to say. Victor, gloomy and pensive, said nothing. Monsieur de Taley spoke for the whole company. The earl addressed some solicitations to him to induce him to stay. The

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baron, far from attributing this civility to any motive that did not refer to his own person, was profuse in his acknowledgments, but did not cease to enumerate the countries which he intended to travel through, the ports which he had to visit, and all the curiosities with the sight of which he intended to treat his amiable countrywoman. "This is a farewel that we are going to take of you, my lord," added he; "for madame la marquise wishes me afterwards to conduct her to Portugal; and as for me, I shall ever be at her command."

Every word was a dagger in the bosom of Lord Wiseby, who, whether

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Lady Mary had betrayed or had kept his secret, could not doubt that motives of delicacy alone induced Adriana to quit a place from which he was about to fly only on her account.

Almost immediately upon rising from table, he saw them take together the road which led towards the farm. He himself walked out in an opposite direction; but he arrived almost mechanically at the cottage, and found himself opposite to the gate at the moment when they opened it to return to the house. The young lady held Adriana by the hand, and as soon as she saw her brother, she made her companion sit down upon a rustic bench, and

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begged her to wait, under pretext that she had forgotten in their common habitation some books which she knew very well that she had never carried thither.

Thus the earl was left alone in Adriana's presence. He stood silent, with his eyes fixed upon the ground; and it was evident that he sought in vain for a word by which he might introduce the conversation. Probably she had imagined that he would seat himself upon the bench; but observing that he remained motionless, she rose and looked around her, as if she wished that the return of her friend might leave her at liberty to go. This mo-

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tion was decisive for the earl. "Madam," said he, with an almost faltering voice, "you are going, then, to quit Wiseby Place?" His agitation obliged him to stop. He resumed—"I had hoped that you might have found it agreeable to stay here for a greater length of time."

A large straw bonnet half concealed Adriana's face. Wiseby could not read her looks; he only heard this answer, pronounced in a sufficiently calm tone of voice: "You are going to Scotland, my lord; I shall avail myself of your absence to make the tour of England."

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The most arduous part of the task was accomplished: the conversation was commenced. The earl continued with more assurance: "May I venture to inquire what part of the kingdom it is your intention to visit first."

"Of that I have not yet considered," said Adriana, and added precipitately—"The Baron de Taley has proposed to me to go to Portsmouth, to see the rejoicings on the king's birthday: it must be a fine spectacle to see so many ships of the line drawn out in Spithead roads. There are surely balls and entertainments given on board of all your admirals' ships."

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"Always, madam," replied the earl with impatience; and as if to excuse too hasty a motion, he added, in a tone of concern—"It was on such an occasion that Admiral Kempenfelt's vessel went to the bottom. He had given a superb entertainment, to which many ladies were invited. Every soul perished."—"Every soul perished!" replied Adriana with a smile—"You will agree, my lord, that if the same misfortune should happen to me, I shall at least die in good company."

Shocked at this appearance of gaiety, the earl fell again into profound silence. By an unaccountable caprice, he was at this moment much less

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struck with the noble and estimable conduct of Adriana, than chagrined at seeing her prefer to his protection the attendance of the Baron de Taley, a man who could not have any share in her heart. He said to her with much gravity and solemnity: "It is still with M. de Taley, then, that you intend to go to Portsmouth. You came with him from Hamburgh: you intend then also to make the tour of Europe together? Are you not afraid, madam, of the opinions to which your imprudence may give rise?"

"I did not expect, my lord," replied Madame d'Azemar, at first with

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calm dignity, then becoming affected, by degrees animated, and at length arriving at the highest pitch of sensibility: "I did not expect to find the public still more generous than you. I love to think that they respect misfortune—that they ought not to see, and do not see, in that class of proscribed and exiled persons, of both sexes, to whom your nation affords an asylum, any thing else than a number of unfortunate individuals, who have all become related together, whose duty it is to protect each other, and whose consolation to mingle their regrets and their wishes together.

"If there be among us some weak

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women, some vicious men, who disregard the sacred laws of the religion of misfortune, I was proud enough to think that you consider me as an exception, and that your esteem would place me in your eyes beyond all suspicion."

Here the earl, deeply moved, placed himself at the side of Adriana, who had sat down again. She continued, with an altered voice that proceeded from the soul: "Upon what foundation have I rested my claims to your interest, if not upon to esteem? Yes, I expected more justice from him who has seen me the companion, the friend, the daughter of M. d'Aze-

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mar. If I could then be true to my duties, almost before I knew what they were, deign to admit that habit has since made them a rule, a consolation, a necessity to me. Is then only the male sex endowed with the faculty of knowing the laws of honour?"

Adriana paused and shed tears. Lord Wiseby was overcome; he could no longer see any thing but generosity that directed her steps, and prompted her departure. A rapid succession of ideas represented to him in the darkest colours the deserted state to which he was about to abandon her; he accused himself of forgetting what he owed to misfortune; he reproached himself

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with want of humanity; and he felt himself wholly subdued by these generous emotions. The tears, the just indignation of Adriana, had in a moment changed his resolutions; he had seen her weep, and all his dread of the public opinion had disappeared. Adriana had produced upon the vague fears of his mind the same effect which the morning dawn does upon the phantoms of the night. She is to him an object of admiration not less than of love. He was about to fall at her feet when Lady Mary was heard to approach. He starts involuntarily; but yielding to the impulse of his heart, he says to Madame d'Azemar: "Then I shall not go to Scotland."

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She raises her charming eyes; a ray of pleasure mingles itself with the traces of her tears. "If you remain, at Wiseby Place," answered she, "what have I to do at Portsmouth?" and by the softness of her smile, the earl might have guessed that she added mentally: "If you remain at Wiseby Place, what have I to do any where else in the universe?"

Lady Mary approached, examined, but did not even dare to interrogate Adriana. The happiness of her brother appeared to her of so brittle a nature, that she feared a single word might be sufficient to demolish it. She contented herself with em-

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bracing them both, accompanied them back to the house, and ordered Baron de Taley's carriage to be put up again.

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CHAP. X.

THE MORNING POST.

TRANQUILLITY and gaiety seemed to have again found their entrance into Wiseby Place. But so far from that, uneasiness and agitation reigned with more sway than ever in the soul of Lord Wiseby. He had been indebted to his passion for a moment of happiness unalloyed; he had tasted the delight of freely abandoning himself to it; but when he came to reflect more coolly upon the subject, a multitude of

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painful reflexions assailed him. He shuddered to think of the immense step which he had taken, without intending, without knowing it. Madame d'Azemar was now acquainted with all his weakness, and the extent of the power which she possessed over him. Lady Mary, too successful in drawing him into the snare, in encompassing him with her wiles, was now the depositary of his secret, and able to make but too much use of this advantage. All within him was conflict, suffering, humiliation; and what should he do in this extremity, when he had chained himself to Madame d'Azemar's presence, when he had placed himself in the cruel position, the mere aspect of

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which disturbed his senses and confounded his reason.

The Baron de Taley was not surprised that Madame d'Azemar had changed her mind; for he knew the will of a pretty woman is liable to change; he had required nothing more of her, and for his part it had appeared to him more natural to remain than to set out alone.

Lord Wiseby had too much good-breeding not to behave with politeness towards the baron; but whether it was that the latter had become in his eyes an insignificant person; or that, from habit, he had retained against him some prejudices which he did not

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avow to himself, or finally, that his present disposition rendered him more susceptible of impatience and contrariety, it is certain that he spoke to M. de Taley with a kind of disrespect.

"One morning the baron had come late to brakfast. "Ah!" said the earl, "this is not being punctual." The following morning he was in the breakfast parlour sooner than any other person of the company, and amused himself with reading the newspapers. "Am I not punctual, my lord?" said he with an air of confidence to the earl, who entered with his two sisters. "I do not call that being punctual," replied the latter, "but being in haste,"

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Victor and Madame d'Azemar had not yet made their appearance. The conversation languished, when suddenly the baron cried out: "Aha! my lord, here are congratulations due to you. You will not be able to defend yourself. — How, sir?—Only hear the paragraph from the *Morning Post*;" and the baron read: "A young French lady of rank has resided for some time in Middlesex: the noble lord, so well known for his aversion to marriage, and as president of the Bachelor's Club, is, it is reported, on the eve of marrying her. The nuptials it seems are to be performed at W——y Place, where all the family is assembled for the purpose.

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The day is not named; but no doubt is entertained of the fact."

"What extravagance!" exclaimed the earl. "Will you permit me to look at the paper?" added he, almost snatching it rudely from the hands of the reader.—"See with your own eyes," said the baron. "More than twenty persons had already mentioned it to me in London, and I told them that I did not doubt it."

The earl, without hearing him, threw down the paper in a passion, after having read it himself, and walked about the apartment with a hurried

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step and without speaking. Lady Caroline increased her brother's torments: she gravely took the paper, and read with a loud voice the whole paragraph, dwelling upon every word, and then said: "It is certain that I had hitherto deferred expressing my thoughts upon this subject; but, my brother, when the public has seen you accompany Madame d'Azemar to London; when they know that she resides in your house; when they see her at present settled in the midst of us; it is quite natural that they should believe, like every one who knows you——"

She was just going to draw the inference, when the earl, unable to contain himself any longer, went out,

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cursing inwardly the baron, his sister, the Morning Post and its impertinent editor.

Lady Mary, in despair, ran to Madame d'Azemar to acquaint her with this terrible incident. As for Lady Caroline, she thought it her duty to go to the aid of her brother, and went with all haste to his apartment: he had shut himself in, and did not open the door till after her repeated solicitations.

"Brother," said she, "it is upon great occasions that friendship is tried: I can render you service in the situation in which you are placed. I flatter myself that I have some interest with the editor of the Post, as I

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been in more ways than one the means of adding to the reputation of his journal. Do you wish that I should prevail upon him to publish a formal contradiction of this paragraph, which distressed you so much, though I cannot tell why?"

Lady Caroline touched the tender string in the unfortunate Wiseby's heart. The wisest, the firmest of men admits the approach of the consoler who flatters one of his foibles. The proposition did not at first appear unreasonable to the good earl; but he soon reflected that the remedy would be worse than the disease; that a greater publicity would only add to the ridicule

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of his situation. He therefore merely thanked his sister, and begged her not to think of any step of that nature. She immediately retired with the discontent ordinary to persons who offer a service, and who are always disconcerted if it is refused; which proves that selfishness often forms a part in that conduct which is reckoned obliging.

Lord Wiseby, abandoned to the horror of his reflexions, felt himself degraded, overwhelmed, annihilated. A single object was before his eyes, namely that fatal paper the Morning Post. Every word in the obnoxious paragraph was present to his thoughts, every word seemed to him the seal of his disgrace.

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No doubt he loved Adriana, no doubt his imagination could not represent to him any more pleasing prospect for futurity, than that of the society of a being who combined the graces with wisdom, virtue with beauty, wit with reason; but what are the graces, the wisdom, the virtue, the beauty of the adored Adriana, while he thinks he foresees himself accused by the voice of the public, his character compromised, his principles abjured, his dishonour consummated? But, on the other hand, what would the public voice, what his principles with regard to matrimony avail before the tribunal of his heart, if he was sure of being beloved? Ah, his choice would

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no longer be in suspense, if he saw nothing in the universe but his system and his love. He loves; but is he loved? That, that is the doubt, which if resolved favourably for his happiness, would repay him for every sacrifice. He does not seek in his recollection, in past circumstances, in the unpremeditated motions, in words that had involuntarily escaped from Adriana; whether it be true or not that a love so genuine as his is returned; it is sufficient for him to doubt, to render him incapable of seeing any thing. He sees nothing but disgrace; that seeks him, that pursues him: whither shall he fly? This he neither knows nor asks himself. All

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that he feels is the wish, the necessity of flying from Adriana and from the world; why cannot he fly from himself? Respect for the opinion of the world gives him the order: he is its slave; he obeys.

Wiseby, distracted, orders his horses to be saddled. They await him. He advances with a precipitate step; suddenly he stops in suspense and shudders. What effect does the noise of that carriage which is driving off produce upon him? He is upon the steps of the house and about to mount his horse: unlucky the animal he shall bestride, if he does not stop till he has found repose!

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"Brother! she is gone;" exclaimed a voice to him which thrilled the recesses of his soul.

"She is gone!" repeated Lady Mary, bathed in tears, and neither the one nor the other had occasion to name Adriana.

"She is gone!" said Wiseby, with a cold, gloomy air, that bespoke the disorder of his ideas.

"Oh, my brother, my dear brother, nothing could prevail upon her to stay: only here is a deposit which she charged me to deliver into your hands, while she bade me an eternal farewel."

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Wiseby, full of impatience, reads his name upon the cover, and precipitately breaks all the seals with which it is secured: his eager, restless, troubled glance sees nothing but a paper and a memorandum-book: agitated with violent emotions, and with a trembling hand, he opens the billet and reads as follows:——

"You love Adriana, and your pride is stronger than your love. Adriana has always loved you; Adriana still loves you. You should not know it unless you were never to see her again. These tablets are a deposit which she leaves in your hands: of what use should they hereafter be to her?

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Adriana has nothing more to write in them.

"I have told you that my memorandums were my written conscience, to which I have never lied; read, believe, and regret. Adieu."

Wiseby, in a frenzy of eagerness, opened the memorandum-book, and read,

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CHAP. XI.

MEMORANDUMS.

We suppose that the reader shares in the impatience of Lord Wiseby, and we shall only insert from these memorandums what serves to throw a light upon the character of Adriana, and her secret attachment to Milford.

1782.—I am fifteen years of age: six months have elapsed since I left the convent. I had been told that the world would shock me: I entered it with my eyes closed. After some time I ventured to open an eye; I saw that

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it was myself that was an object of attention; of that I was very glad; and I was no longer afraid of any thing, when M. d'Azemar, an aged relation of our family, asked me in marriage of my mother.

My friends in the convent had told me that young ladies married only in order to have an equipage, and to hear themselves called *madame*.

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Gratitude made me first respect and love M. d'Azemar: reflection has gradually taught me all his work: I owe to him the just notions which I have

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adopted; I owe to him all that I have since acquired, my instruction, even the knowledge of my duties.

He has taught me how to learn. "Read few books of history," said he to me: "you have no relations or friends either among the Greeks or the Romans. It is for the learned to live with the dead. It is sufficient for a young lady to know to whom she speaks: she requires the art of pleasing those with whom she lives, a knowledge of the world, and its manners."

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1783.—Saw at Pampeluna Lord

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Milford. It is asserted that those men who are so amiable in general society are very morose at home. What a pity should not this Englishman form an exception to the rule!

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M. d'Azemar is very partial to Lord Milford: I do not know why this gives me pleasure.

.....

The bull-fight is put off for a fortnight!.... A fortnight longer! I am very glad of it.

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Of all the men whom I meet with

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here, there is none but Lord Milford to whom I pay any attention: should that perhaps be because I see that of all the women that surround us, I please him the most.

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What is it that pleases me more in Lord Milford than in others? It is his countenance, in which his heart and his soul are painted: it is his voice, which is whatever he wishes it to be; it is his language, which is noble, frank, simple, polite, without affectation and without flattery; it is his generosity, which his modesty conceals, and which the slightest occasion brings to light.... I need no longer ask

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myself what it is that pleases me most in Lord Milford.

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Bull-fight. Oh, how I have been frightened!—Fortunately Lord Milford was there. I believe it was he that saved my life. I wish it were so—perhaps he wishes the same!—Enough! I am playing the fool—fortunately no one will see what I write. .....

.....

Departure from Pampeluna. A bad day. M. d'Azemar says I am melancholy. Should this be true?

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I am afraid it is.....

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.....I have lost that pretty medallion, the workmanship of Victor, his portrait which I am so fond of. This is singular! M. de Azemar says he believes himself certain that he put it into the hands of Lord Milford, after taking it from my neck, at the bull-fight, and that Milford probably kept it through inadvertency. I wish it were not through inadvertency.—He is gone!—Would that he knew at least that it affords me pleasure to believe that my medallion is in his hands!

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I cannot help smiling when I think of the tone one is obliged to assume, the part one has to act in the world; virtue and information are of use to all women; but it seems that it is with virtue as it is with science; mankind do not like an ignorant woman, and yet they will not have her appear learned; they require that she should be virtuous, but they are disgusted when she appears too much so. The world is difficult to please.

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I was yesterday at a ball at M. de ——'s. Almost all the young men crowded about me. I heard a lady say that I was a coquet. I own I think

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that a young woman ought, without disturbing her repose or wounding her conscience, to pay some regard to the satisfaction of others, who shew no mercy to those who do not please them. Besides, is it generous, when a person flatters your vanity, by offering you an homage which he always rates highly, to wound his by rejecting it?

But I am sensible that I run no risks. I have read that a queen of France answered her confessors, who asked her whether she had any lovers at the court of the king, her father: "No, there was no king there!" I might also answer: "No, I have not met with a Lord Milford."

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Besides, am I not the wife of M. d'Azemar? Perhaps it had been better if this consideration had not come in the last; but I write in order to give an account to myself of what I am.

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Portrait of Lord Milford. Milford....I stop: it seems to me as if the pleasure which I take in thinking of him were an offence to some one. At least this page shall be left blank: it was destined for him, and I should not be able to write any thing upon it without regret.

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Barcelona. The health of M. d'Azemar becomes daily more feeble: the misfortunes of our country overwhelm him. He endeavours in vain to conceal from me the pain and sufferings of his mind: he would wish to spare me every kind of uneasiness.

What gentleness and what amenity direct all the motions of this extraordinary man! I respect as much as I admire him: he is thankful for all my attentions as if I did not owe them to him.

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M. d'Azemar wounds my heart without intending it. He perceives

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himself extinguishing, and he speaks to me as if I did. He thinks to console me to prepare me for losing him by telling me that for a long time past I ought to have looked upon him as nothing else than a friendly shade.

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In one of those moments of paternal effusion which mark every day of his life, M. d'Azemar said to me, "Adriana, I have a secret concern upon my mind, which I cannot conceal from you. I find some pleasure in conversing with you upon it, before I quit you for ever. I believed for some time, that in adopting you for my child, for I considered you only as my

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daughter, I had done every thing that my fortune, and the tender interest I feel in you, advised me to do for your advantage: but had I not married you a year too soon, I could have done better for you; I could have married you to Lord Milford. Nothing would then have been wanting to your happiness: as it is, notwithstanding all my endeavours, it has been imperfect. Accident baffles the best intentions. Adriana, pardon my friendship for you, when I tell you, that if he existed, if he were free, if I knew in what place he dwelt, I would leave to him as a legacy the care of your happiness."

M. d'Azemar could never have given

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me a more affecting proof of his esteem. He must have conceived it certain, that in presenting such an idea to my mind, he did not excite a regret in my heart. Why did he speak thus to me? Such confidential communications a man may make to his sister, but he does not make them to his wife, unless when he sees his end approaching. Every thing that he says to me has the air, the accent of the farewel words of a father. I am not superstitious, but he will certainly die.

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The calamity which I foresaw but

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too plainly has taken place. M. d'Azemar is no more..... The regret of all those who have know him in this country, which is not his own, accompanies him to the grave; but what is their regret in comparison with mine? It is I alone who know what I lose.

My aunt is with me, but she is unable to console me. She is sensible that she herself stands in need of consolation.

No person of my own age about me! I am all alone! Where is my brother?

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I am free! What is liberty in a desert?....I am a widow! I am..... ....I do not want to know my age. I was sixteen when I was in Spain, when I saw Lord Milford. Were I to count a hundred times, this would still amount to twenty-four.

What use have I made of my life? Apparently that which I ought to have made of it, for I have nothing to reproach myself with. What use shall I still make of it? There is no person in the world but Lord Milford of whom I would ask this question.....

I am going to Italy.....

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Venice. I remained at Venice longer than in the Milanese. I never told the Senator M...., the Marquis C.... Monseigneur F...., why I conversed with them in preference to others. They often spoke to me of Milford, without being aware of the pleasure it gave me.

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Lausanne. My aunt is dead!—What is left me?—the will to suffice for myself.

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Hamburgh. An Englishwoman, Lady Caroline S...., has informed me

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that Victor is in London with the Earl of Wiseby. She is willing to conduct me to this friend of my brother. I have accepted her offer. Did I recollect when I accepted it that England is Lord Milford's country?....I believe I did. Lady Caroline does not know him. I should have been happy to have heard her speak of him. She knows at least that he is in existence. Large as England is, I shall perhaps still find Lord Milford in it. Perhaps he will no longer recollect me—he will perhaps find me much altered—perhaps he is married.....

....

London. Day of delight! why art

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thou not the last of my life! Could I die more happily! One does not then die of surprise and joy.

Lord Wiseby! Victor's friend is he! He is Milford himself!—Milford, who has not forgotten me. I have seen it—his first glance told it me. Let me be silent; let me conceal all; let me enjoy it in the secret privacy of my heart.

.....

Wiseby Place. He loves me, but I love him much more than I am loved by him. He does not know himself; he does not know me. His love has to combat with fantastic obstacles, phantoms that exist only in his imagi-

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nation. As for me, I have never had any thing to combat with but my duty Ah! while I reproached myself for thinking of him, was it not still to think what place Adriana held in his remembrance?

M. d'Azemar bequeathed to him the care of my happiness. It was my destiny to love him: it has long been my duty to conceal this from myself, and I could still take a false pride in keeping it concealed. But does love know pride? Milford will read my heart. I know Milford too well not to answer for it that I should render him happy. Is it his title, his rank, his fortune that attract me? —Those

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things cannot dazzle my eyes. It is Milford whom I have always loved, sought, and whom I find again for the happiness of his life. My existence is devoted to him; I shall banish sorrow from him; I shall watch while he sleeps; and he will repay me for my happiness with his. But no, Milford, it is your happiness alone that I desire. I do not question your heart: whatever place Adriana may hold in it, let me, Milford, love you.

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"Good God!" exclaimed Wiseby, as he finished the rapid perusal of these memorandums, which his eyes had devoured like his passion: "Good God!" he

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exclaimed a hundred times, throwing looks of ecstacy towards heaven, as if heaven had been the abode of Adriana. In his transport he was scarcely conscious that a messenger from London had just delivered a letter into his hands. And can he, will he read any thing else than the adored tablets which he presses to his heart? He opened this uninteresting letter; read enough of it to throw it to the ground with contempt and to forget it; mounted his swiftest horse, and rode off. "When do you return, brother?" called Lady Mary after him with a sorrowful voice. "With her, or never," exclaimed the earl, and his sister had already lost him out of her sight.

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CHAP. XII.

THE CONCLUSION.

Ah! in what a short space of time a man may become wholly changed from what he was before!

Shall I say what this letter was which Lord Wiseby had read with such indifference and contempt, which he had even disdained to take up from the ground?—I will say it, that the reader may be astonished: but if he recollects that Lord Wiseby knows that he is loved, his astonishment will cease.

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This letter, which some days, some hours before would have been a stroke of thunder to him, had upon the seal the words *Bachelors' Club*. This letter, which remained without effect, and received no answer, contained what follows.

"My lord, we have the honour of informing you, that the news of your intended marriage has become universally known; it has even been announced in the public prints: our society, therefore, in a general meeting of the members, has come to a resolution which the presumed defection of a person of your rank, consequence, and acknowledged reputation, rendered

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necessary. We accordingly beg your lordship to send us either a categorical answer or your resignation. The president of the Bachelors' Club ought not even to be suspected."

This letter was signed by all the members.

Lord Wiseby was far from bestowing a thought upon the honourable members or their letter. He pursued the traces of Adriana; he called upon her alone; he had her alone in his view. He had set off at full gallop, intending to go to Burton; but in the agitation of his mind, and the intoxication of his passion, he had by mis-

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take taken the wrong road, and did not discover his error till after three hours' riding. Near the habitation of the Dumenil family, he met the postillion and horses of Lady Caroline returning; Madame d'Azemar having employed them to take her that distance.

"Where is she, wretch!" exclaimed Lord Wiseby to the postillion. The latter, who had never seen the good earl in a passion, was some time before he was able to give him an answer. At last he said that he humbly begged his Lordship's pardon; that he thought nothing had been done but by his orders; that his Lordship might re-

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member that he had once for all told his people that the orders of Madame d'Azemar should be obeyed by them equally with his own.—"I ask you whither you have conveyed her," repeated the earl with a voice like thunder and with augmented impatience.—"To Burton; to M. Dumenil's," answered the postillion trembling; "but your Lordship will not find any one there." They all set out for London, taking Madame d'Azemar with them in the carriage, five minutes at most after her arrival. They drove at a great rate: I do not think your lordship will be able to overtake them." The postillion still continued speaking when Lord Wiseby was already riding

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full gallop the road to London. It was not till at a late hour on the succeeding day that, after much labour and search, he learnt in what street, and at what house Adriana had been set down with her friends. Thither he immediately flew.

Madame Dumenil and her daughter Adela were gone out. Madame d'Azemar, alone with the good M. Dumenil, was depositing in his bosom her sorrows and complaints. A young woman whose heart has been deeply wounded, soothes her griefs by disclosing them. The sympathy of an old man is a balsam which she receives with confidence: he affords her paternal conso-

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lation. M. Dumenil was listening to Madame d'Azemar, and bewailing her affliction, when a sudden noise attracted their attention. What is it they have heard? What do they see? A man transported with happiness and love. He exclaims, "Adriana!" and already he is at her feet.

"Adriana," repeated the earl, "be the arbiter of my life; nothing shall part us but death. Return, return, Adriana, follow your lover, your husband. At your feet I abjure my errors. Let the whole world judge me. I shall say to the world, "Behold her!"

Adriana smiles—Lord Wiseby is

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happy. "My dear child," says the good M. Dumenil, "this is worth more than all the consolation I could give you." "Ah! sir," says the earl, with some confusion, "I had not observed you: will you pardon me?" "How could you see any one but her? She and I, she and I! that is the language of all lovers. I must have been a being of that sort myself," added he with a smile. "But that is a recollection of a very distant period."

Madame Dumenil and her daughter entered at that moment. Absorbed in the sweetest, purest delight, Adriana had only power to say to them, "There he is!" But what an expression of

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felicity was conveyed in these three words! "My friends, my dearest friends," cried Wiseby, with an accent that came from his heart, "you will not refuse to accompany my Adriana, to be witnesses of the happiness of Wiseby." "Let us be going, my lord, let us be going," replied M. Dumenil. "Happiness is like all other masters, he does not choose to be kept waiting."

The same carriage in which Madame d'Azemar and the Dumenils had made such a melancholy journey to London conveyed them, as well as the earl, back to Wiseby Place. But how different was the animation of their

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minds, their hearts, and countenances! The good old gentleman could scarcely contain his joy. "My dear child," said he to Adriana, while they were on the road together; "My dear neighbour," said he to the earl, "was I in the wrong when I said that the time would come when you two would be married? Faith, I shall set up for a prophet: I find I have a wonderful talent that way."

When they were arrived within a few miles of Wiseby Place, the earl mounted his horse again, and rode on before the rest, in order that he might himself announce the return of Madame d'Azemar. This was announcing

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happiness to Lady Mary; but her tender and benevolent heart did not separate all the various causes of happiness that combined together. She enjoyed at once for Victor, for Adriana, for her brother, and for herself. Lady Caroline and the Baron de Taley could act but cold parts in so animated a denouement. Madame d'Azemar was received in the arms of her beloved brother, and of the amiable Lady Mary: the earl would have fallen again at her feet. He pressed to his heart the trembling hand of this adored woman; for pleasure is a cause of trembling as well as fear. He led her to the middle of the hall; then approaching the mysterious apartment,

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the key of which he held in his hand, he said to Adriana, "Before you enter here, recollect well whether you did not once express a particular wish in my presence."

The reader will remember, that when at Pampeluna, Madame d'Azemar had said, without any particular intention, that if she were as rich as the handsome Duchess of Devonshire, she would have an apartment fitted up as if for the abode of a sylph. Her first words, as she looked around her with surprise, and recollected her fanciful wish, were—"Ah, how charming!" and her eyes, suffused with tears of gratitude, had already thanked the

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earl. The objects that presented themselves to her view were the following:

A grove lighted from above, encircling an enclosure of rose-trees trained upon espaliers, with pillars of poppies interspersed. Two trunks of aged willows in bronze supported two gold rings, by which was suspended a hammock of white gold tissue. Further on an alcove, the window of which looked into the park, the same that Lady Mary had seen with the blind open.

Madame d'Azemar had no sooner set her foot within this alcove, than she saw—what? a wax image of herself

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sleeping upon a sofa. "Ah! how ugly she is!" she exclaimed.

"Spare her," replied Lord Wiseby: "it is to her that I have been indebted for the illusion which you realize. I have here accomplished only one of your wishes. Live then with me to form more, and to see them always accomplished, if they do not extend beyond the bounds of my fortune and my life." "Milford," replied Adriana, "you believe in my love, and you deserve it. Are not all the wishes of my heart accomplished?—Ah?" cried she, "my medallion! never was it so dear to me before," and she pressed it to her lips with transport. Lord

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Wiseby felt still more pleasure in restoring it than he had in possessing it.

The nuptials of the earl and Madame d'Azemar, and those of Lady Mary and Victor, were solemnized on the same day, with all the magnificence becoming the dignity of an English peer, who united his beloved sister with his dearest friend, and joined the destiny of his own life with that of the amiable object of his esteem and love.

Wiseby found himself so completely weaned from his former notions, that he undertook to convert the Baron de Taley on the subject of matrimony,

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and advised also his sister, Lady Caroline, to marry. The arguments which he found in favour of matrimony were as numerous, as convincing, and as well supported by reason as any of those he had formerly advanced against this kind of union, which is more or less agreeable, more or less happy, more or less desirable, but which has this at least in its favour, that it is in general use, and according to every appearance will long continue so. The day previous to his marriage, he sent in his formal resignation, both as president and as member of the Bachelors' Club, not that he attached any importance to this act, but from motives of delicacy and

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respect towards his old friends, whom he still esteemed, but whom he pitied for persevering in errors which were no longer his, since happiness had opened his eyes.

Adriana gave Wiseby reason to cherish the hymeneal bond, because this bond was neither to her nor to him a chain. Such was the evenness of her temper, the gaiety and versatility of her mind, and the excellence of her heart, that Wiseby, seeing nothing about him but what tended to yield him satisfaction, came to this general conclusion, that in the native country of system, eccentricity, and spleen, an Englishman knows nothing

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but happiness when he has for his friend such a man as Victor, and for his wife a woman like Adriana.

THE END.

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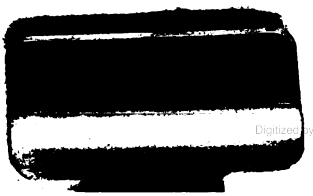

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